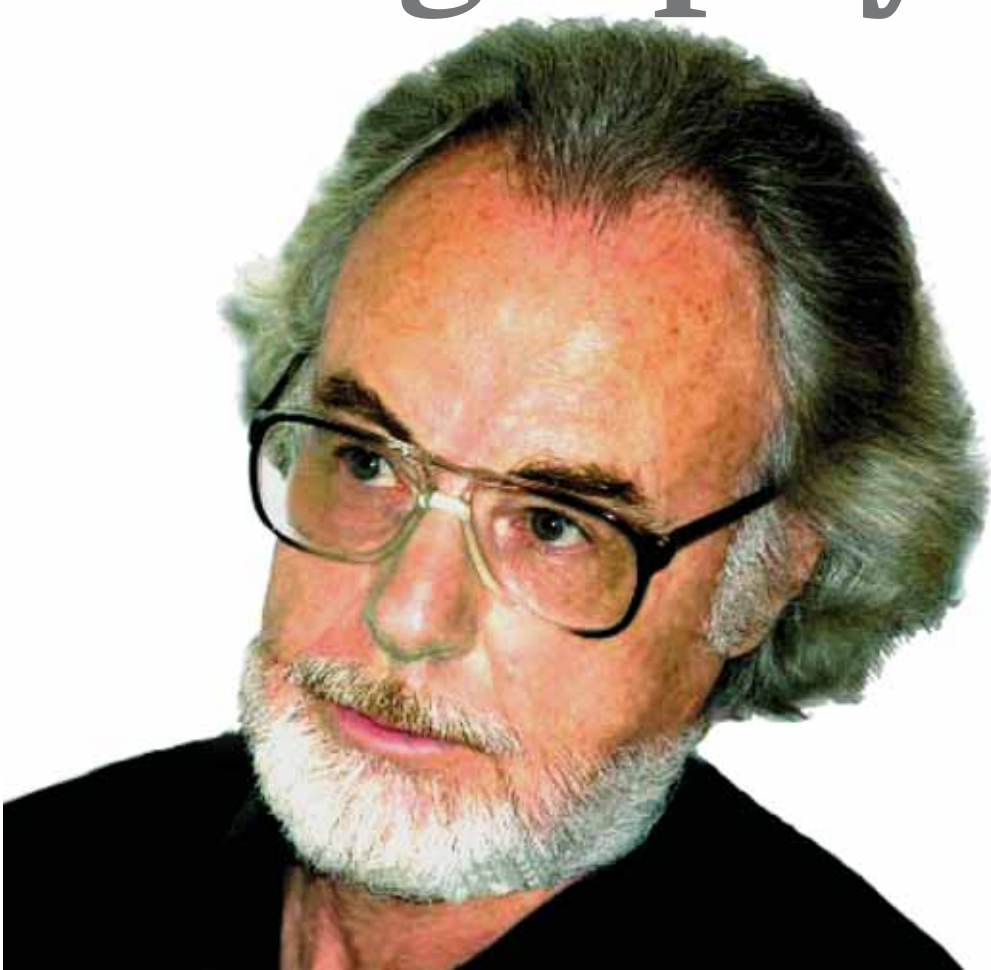
Leonid Pronenko

Russian Calligraphy

One Teacher, 222 Students



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LEONID PRONENKO was born in 1939. After finishing secondary school in 1957, he worked as a factory hand and freight handler and served in the Soviet Army.

He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 1970. He has been recognized as a Merited Artist of Russia and honored as a teacher of professional education.

Pronenko is the author *Calligraphy for Everybody* (in Russian) and has participated in more than twenty international exhibitions. His work has also been published in *Calligraphy Today*; *Modern Scribes and Lettering Artists*; *Sixty Alphabets*; the Taplinger / Pentalic *Calligraphers Engagement Calendars*; and *The Art of Calligraphy*, by David Harris.

His works are in the Museum of Fine Arts in Krasnodar, in the modern calligraphy collection in San Francisco Public Library, and in private collections. Professor Pronenko was a participant in the Twelfth International Assembly of Lettering Artists in the United States, where he also has taught and exhibited.

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Russian Calligraphy

Notes of an artist-teacher
and 313 works of his pupils
and former students,
dedicated to his favorite
granddaughter, Sashenka

The book
includes
some works
by the author

Leonid Pronenko

Russian Calligraphy

One Teacher, 222 Students

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Author's note

OVER MANY years of teaching, I have gathered a considerable collection of letter-drawing pieces and calligraphy. Here you will find more than four hundred academic works made by my students, some of them now professionals in the art of lettering. Some my works are here as well. The book is intended for art schools, as well as for teachers and artists. I hope that wide range of different people will find it interesting.

Letters are more than a means of communication. Writing is an independent art that can embellish the ordinary surroundings in which we live. It is the most popular and available means of artistic training, having tremendous aesthetic value and bringing comfort to the soul. The author's short tales and notes presented here are recollections of a pragmatic art teacher who has always tried make the teaching process attractive and even fun for his students. I'd like to acknowledge the assistance rendered to me by D. Kotlyarov, A. Sharkov, D. Arsenyev, K. Titenko, and my friend A. Tchaly and his sweet dog Bara.

Леонид Проненко

Entertaining experiments

THE PHYSICS teacher, Maria Pavlovna, a bony, acrimonious woman, entered the classroom and started to show an entertaining experiment to us.

"Look here," she said, "I pour water into a glass, cover it with a piece of paper ... turn it over ... do you see?"

"We see," we all shouted. "We see!"

"Now I take my hand off the paper and the water doesn't run out ... do you see?"

All the water immediately poured down on the teacher's feet.

"We see, we see!" we screamed louder than before, giggling shamelessly.

Maria Pavlovna, pale and confused, demonstrated her trick several more times and flooded half the classroom. I writhed and cried with laughter. My classmates also were in hysterics. The heavy portrait of some leader fell down from the wall and broke. Laughter all but shattered the arches of the old building, and soon all the school, led by the principal, ran to see what was going on.

After those ill-fated experiments, however, I began to stutter in my physics classes. This continued until a new teacher arrived. When she learned about my trouble, she persuaded me to write: "Forgive me, Maria Pavlovna; forgive me Maria Pavlovna." After I wrote that in a whole notebook from cover to cover, I stopped stuttering. To the joy of the teachers, I also became good at penmanship.

Maybe it was then that my first, unconscious love for calligraphy was born.

to be
or not
to be

After the incident with Maria Pavlovna, I became obsessed with drawing and writing beautifully. Knowing nothing about the association of art, poetry, and calligraphy in the East, I took a notebook, transferred Stalin's portrait into it, and wrote my own verses devoted to him. Then I moistened a yellow-colored pencil with saliva and wrote: "Leader of All the Peoples" in a thick lemon color. When I proudly carried this striking work of art to school, my literature teacher was delighted, but then she realized that the author of the verses was not the poet Mayakovsky, as she first thought, and she became deadly pale.

Because of this incident, my schoolmates nicknamed me "Professor," which crushed the fragile soul of the young painter for a long time.

HOWEVER, I began drawing in the army, tagging along with an Uzbeki soldier who had already finished art school. We secretly cut off the pieces of oilcloth from the table and used them instead of canvas. We spent all our free time painting. It was fortunate that our military unit was situated in a wonderful forest. ... Where are you now, Kadir?

In 1965, almost by chance, I entered Kuban State University and must admit that, although eventually I was to become a teacher of calligraphy, I did not then write out a single page of my own. Such was my great dislike of penmanship. In 1973, though, somebody presented me a book by the Estonian master Villu Toots, *The Art of Lettering*, and I finally understood that there is nothing better in the world than letters.

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1. The International "Type Today" Conference, Tallinn, 1975.
2. The tools, materials and books shop at the Twelfth International Assembly of Lettering Artists, USA. Alice helps me select the best pens.
3. A Chinese Calligrapher shows his skill.
4. San Francisco, with calligrapher Ward Dunham, left.
5. At the "Calligraphia USA / USSR" Exhibition, with Detroit Calligrapher Bob Roesler, left.

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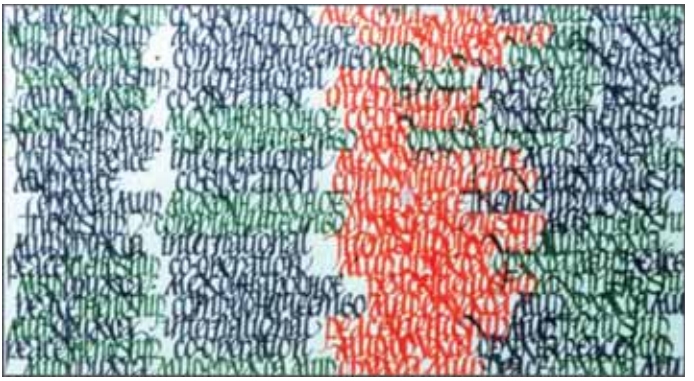
1. In discussion with Bob Roesler and Lothar Hoffmann (left to right).
2. San Diego calligrapher Nancy Statman.
3. Old correspondent: Icelandic designer Gunnlaugur SE Briem, left.
4. San Francisco Public Library. Talk for Friends on Lettering Art at the Kuban State University.
5. Chinese cookery by San Francisco Friends of Calligraphy President Helen Fung, left.
6. Leonid Pronenko's personal exhibition at the twelfth International Assembly of Lettering Art.

Calligraphy



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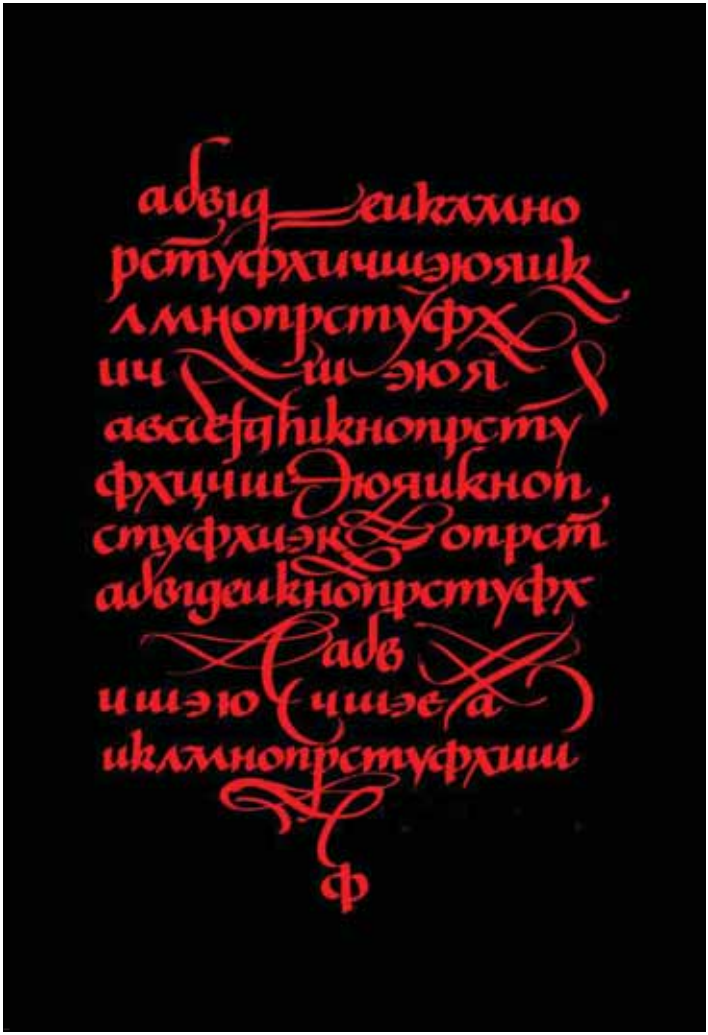
1. Peace, friendship (broad-edge color felt pens on paper).
2. Dance 1 (broad pen, flat brush, gouache, paper.)
3. Symbol for "Aerobusiness" (brush, gouache on paper).
4. Poster (broad pen, flat brush, paper.) Printed in color by offset litho.



1

1. Alphabet (broad pen, gouache, paper).
2. Poster (flat and round brushes, gouache, paper). Printed in color by offset litho.
3. Ornament (broad pen, Indian ink, paper).

2

3

1

2

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4

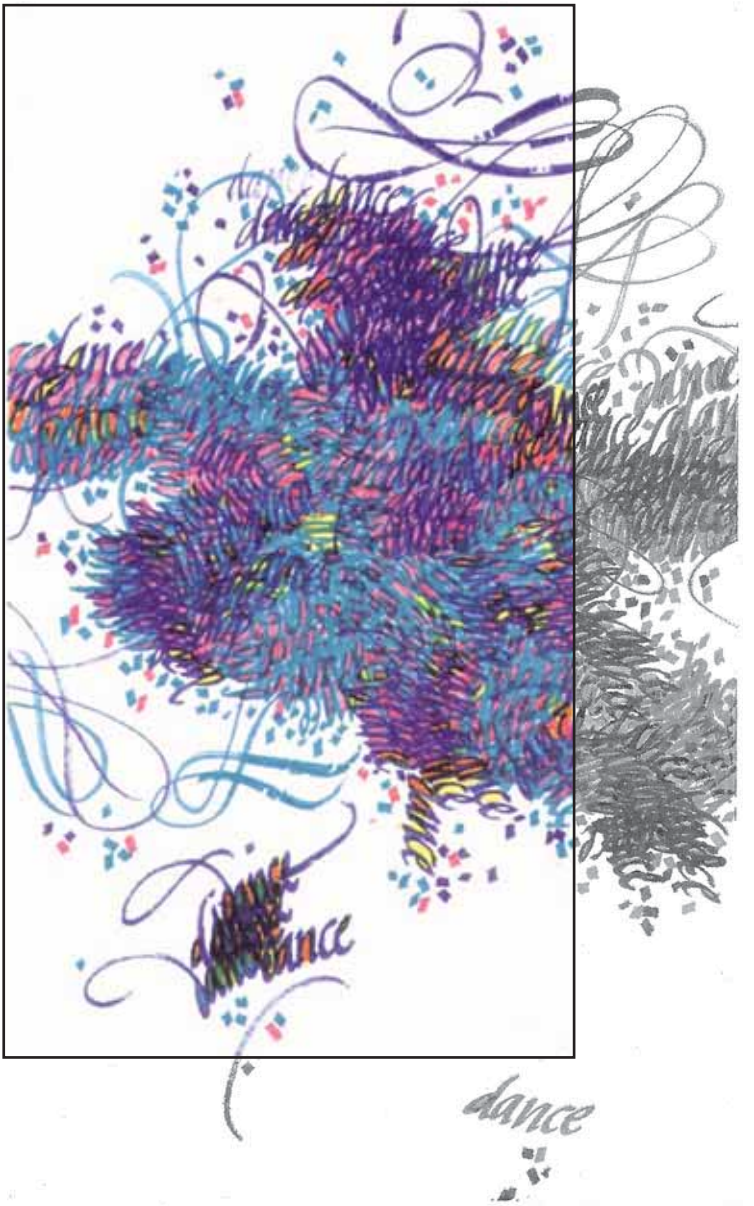
1. Figures (handmade broad pen, gouache on paper.)
2. Theater invitation (broad pen, gouache on paper.)
3. Exercise (broad pen, gouache on paper.)
4. Inscription “Melody” (broad pen, Indian ink on paper).
5. Dance 2 (broad pen, flat brush, gouache on paper.)
6. Composition. Based on a poem by Pushkin (broad edge felt pen, broad pens, gouache and watercolor on paper.)

dance dance dance dance
dance dance dance dance
dance dance dance dance

5

А·Б·В·Г·Д·Ю
любимые сказки
АЛЕКСАНДР ПУШКИН
РУСЛАН И ЛЮДМИЛА
ЧАСТЬ ПЕРВАЯ

6


dance
dance
dance
dance

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1. Dance 2 (color flat felt pens, paper).
2. Inscription (broad pen, Indian ink, paper).
3. Russian fairy tale (broad pens, colored felt pens, paper).
4. Improvisation (rounded felt pen, paper).

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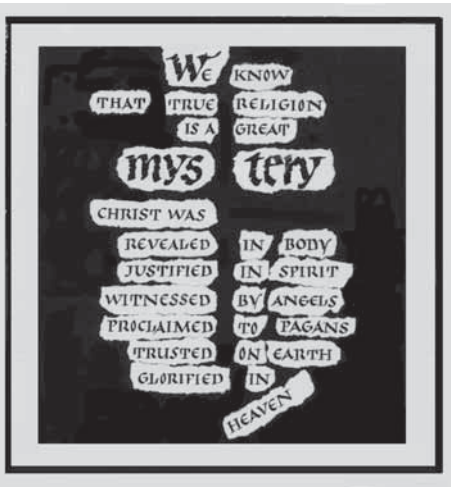
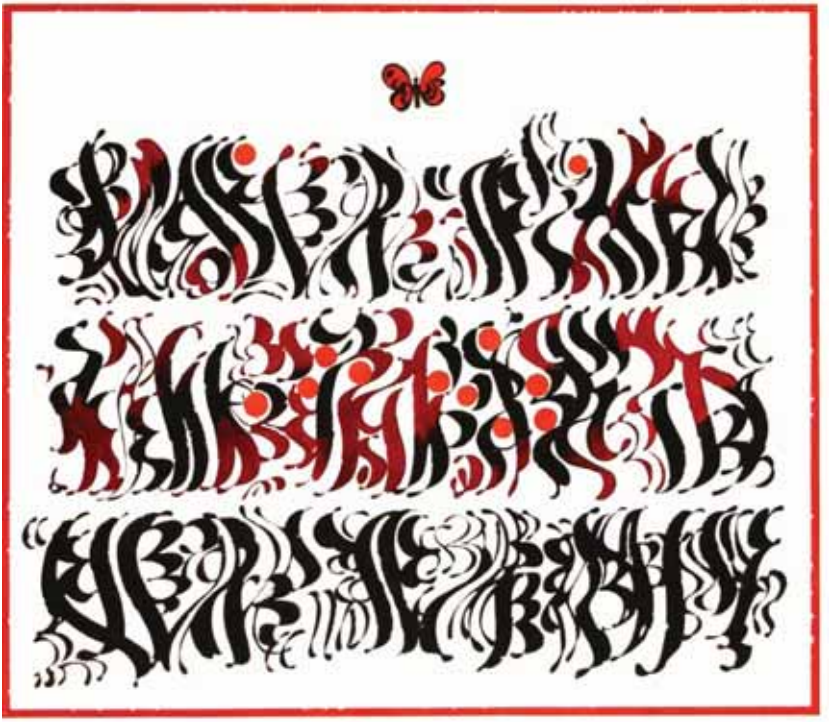
1. Abstract alphabet (metal ruler, gouache, wax, paper).
2. Composition 1 (flat brushes, white gouache, black paper).
3. Composition 2 (flat brushes, white gouache, black paper).

1


We know
that true religion
is a great
mys tery
Christ was
revealed in body
justified in spirit
witnessed by angels
proclaimed to pagans
trusted on earth
glorified in
heaven

2



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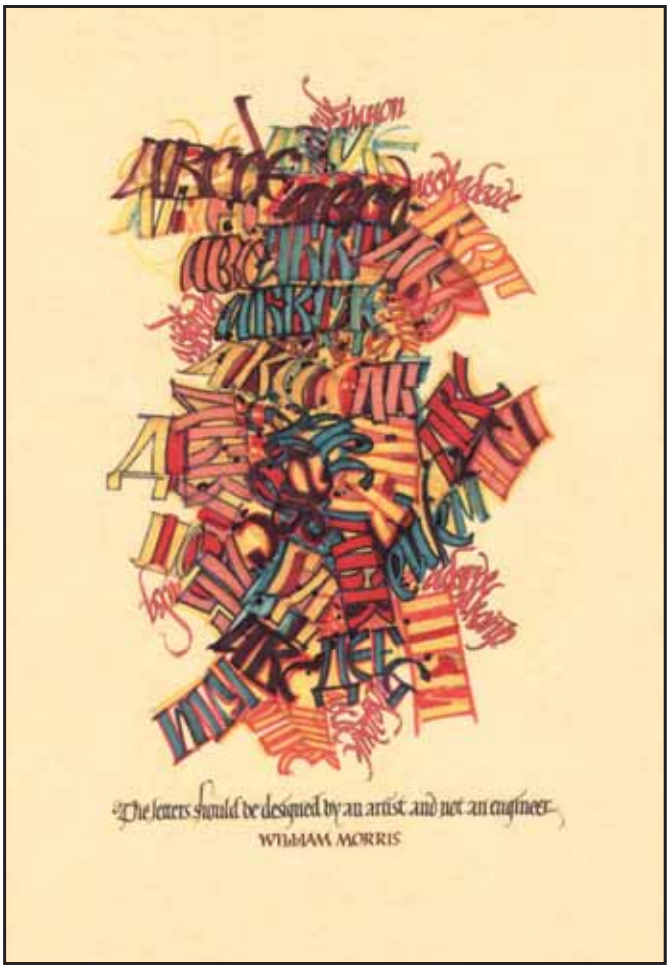

4

1. Lettering (flat felt pens, paper).
2. Design of a Bible quotation (broad pens, gouache, paper).
3. The mislaid world of calligraphy (broad pen, brush, gouache, paper).
4. Design for a quotation (color flat felt pens, broad pens, gouache, paper).

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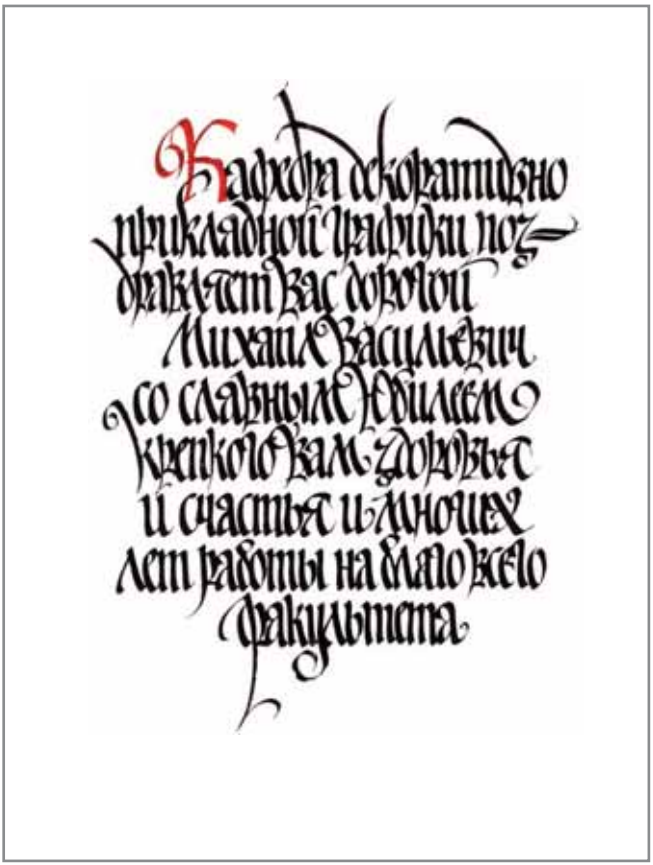
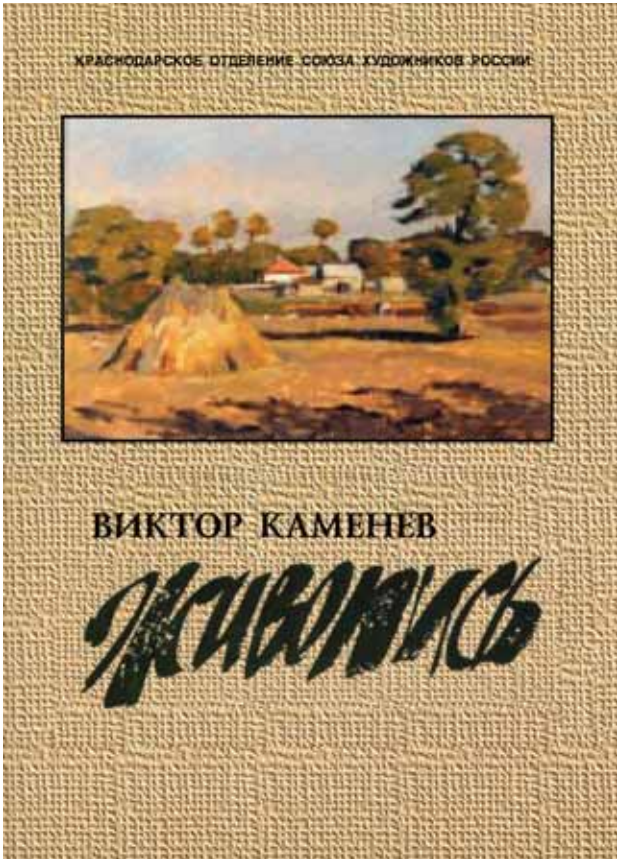


5

1. Abstract composition, detail (round brush, Indian ink, paper).
2. Abstract composition (flat brush, white gouache, colored paper).
3. Sketch for a book cover, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* (flat felt pen, paper).
4. Book cover (broad pens, gouache, paper).
5. Honor roll (reed broad pen, gouache, paper).



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1. Book cover, Painting, by Victor Kamenev (flat brush, gouache, paper).
2. Logo, Department of Graphic Art.

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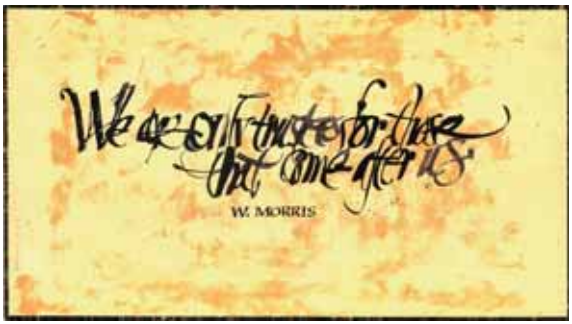
3. Earthquake in San Francisco (flat brush, gouache, paper).
4. Red orb (broad pens, gouache, Indian ink, vegetable oil, paper).
5. Composition (broad pen, flat brush, gouache, paper).



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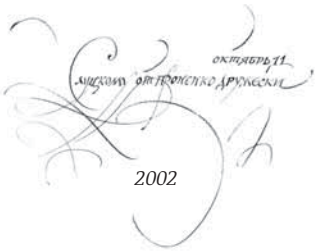
1. Quotation from William Morris (broad pens, Indian ink, paper).
2. Autumn Whim (flat brush, gouache, paper).
3. Inscription (broad pen, Indian ink, paper).
4. Ocean Fantasy (flat brush, gouache, paper)
5. Talking with calligraphy (flat and round brushes, pencil, broad pen, gouache, paper).

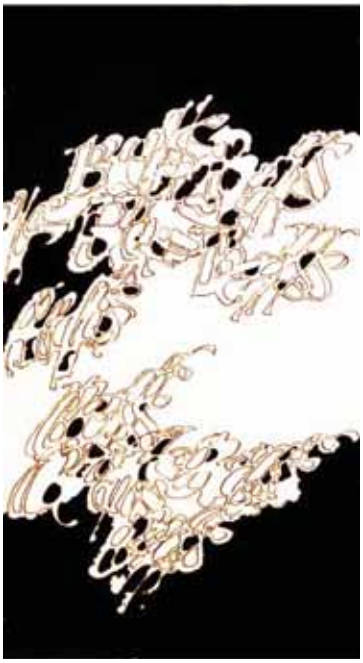
4

5

1

1. Composition based on a poem by Pushkin (colored flat felt pens, paper)
2. Composition based on Poe's poem "The Bells" (pen, broad pens, pencil, gouache, paper).
3. Logo for the firm Figaro (broad handmade pen, gouache).
4. Logo for the Master Gallery (broad pen, water color, gouache, paper).
5. "Many Thanks" card (flat felt pen, paper).
6. Logo for the firm Garden (flat pen, gouache, paper).





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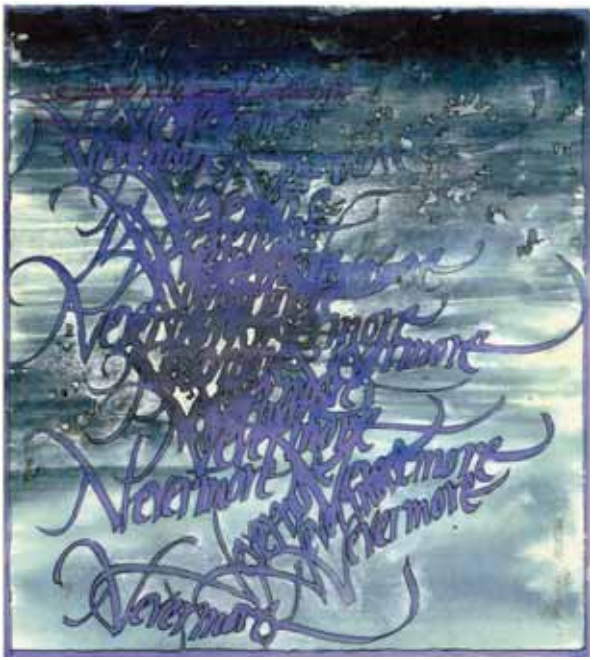

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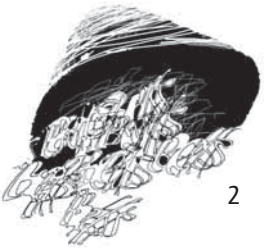
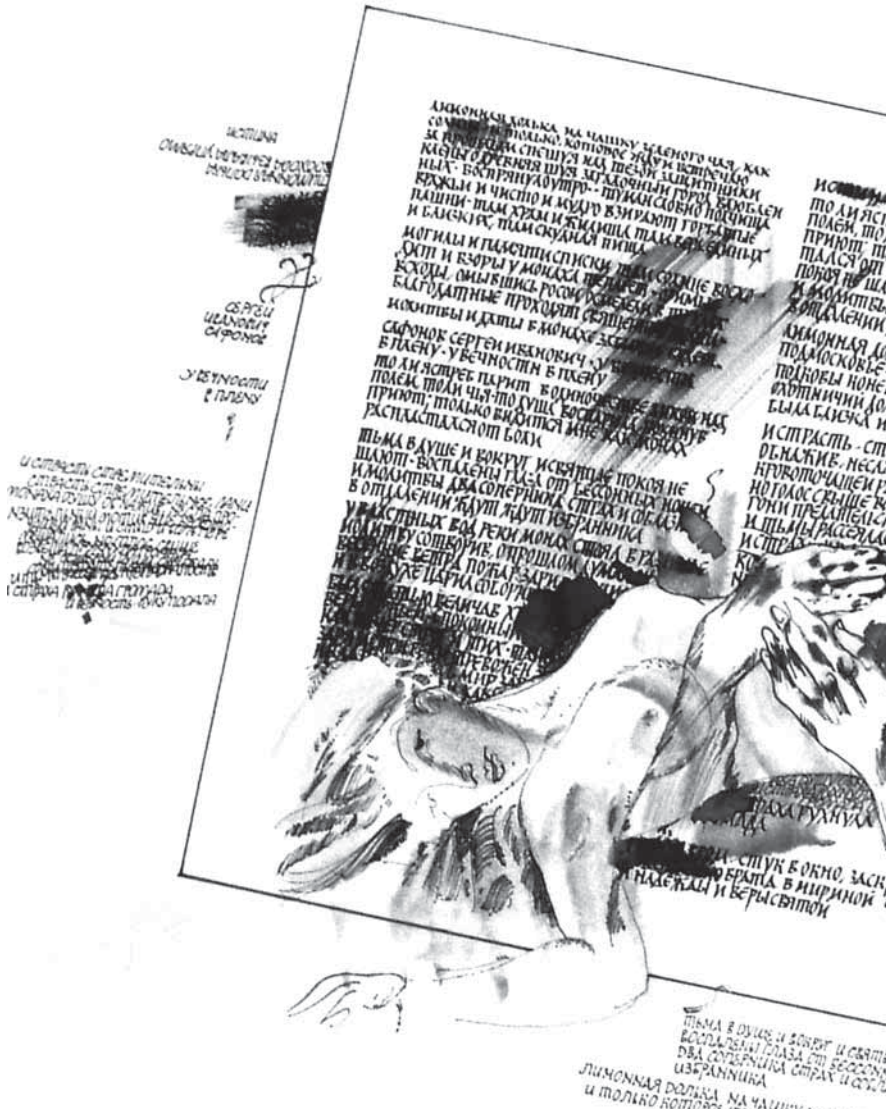


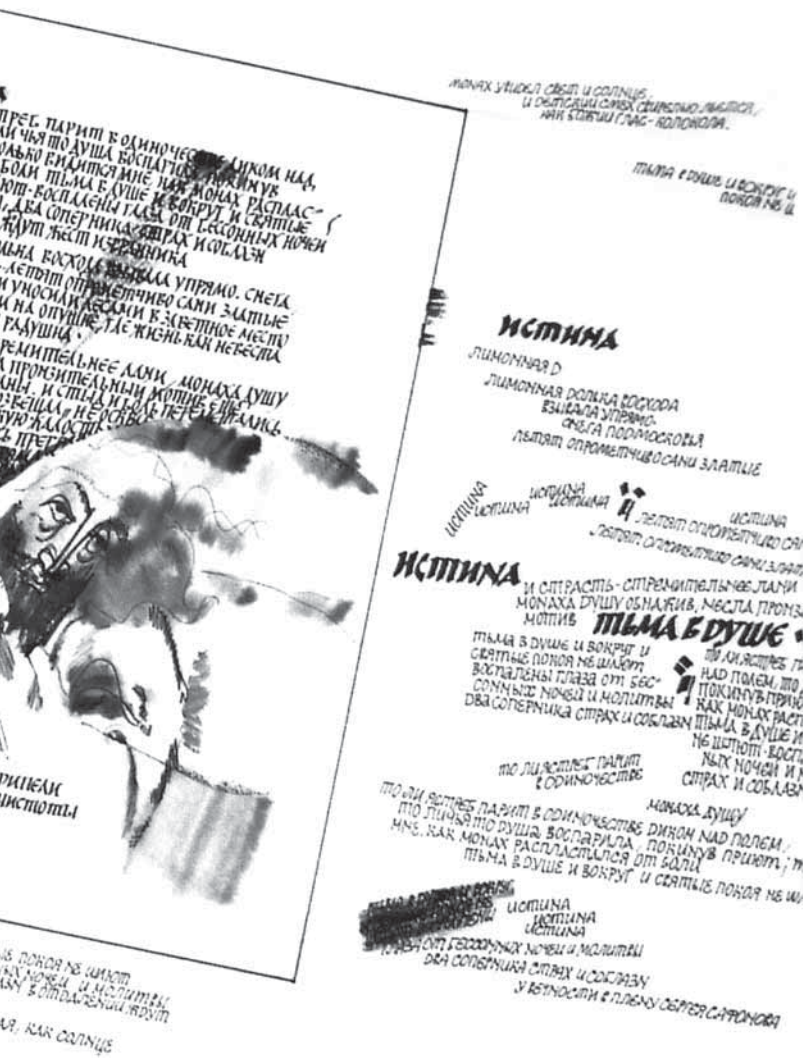
2

1. Composition "Nevermore," based Poe's poem "The Raven" (flat felt pen, ink, gouache, paper).
2. Composition based on Poe's poem "The Bells," detail (pen, gouache, paper).
3. Devoted to the creations of Edgar Allan Poe (broad pens, gouache, paper).

3



Composition based on Safonov's poem "The Monk" (broad pens, felt pen, brush, paper).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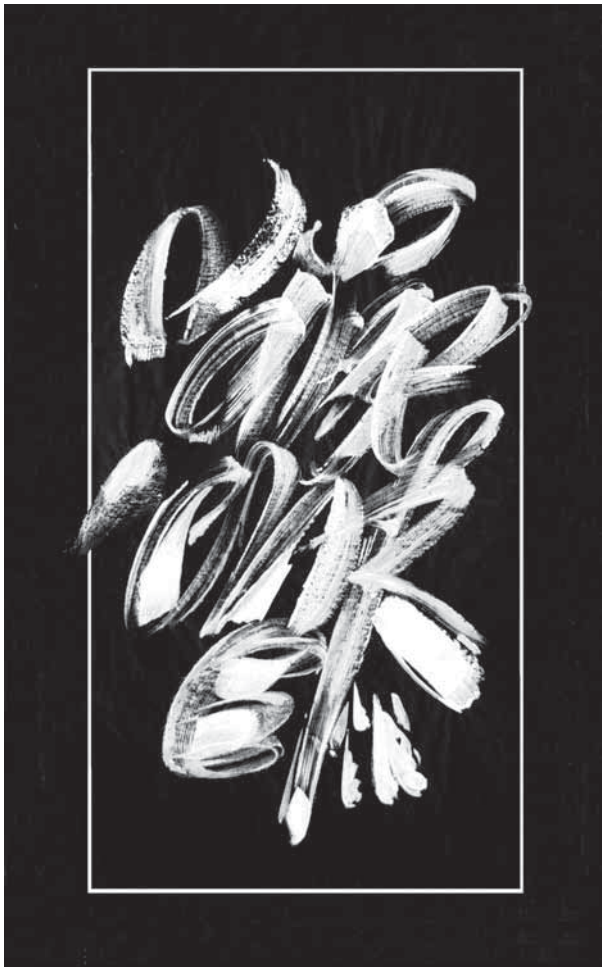


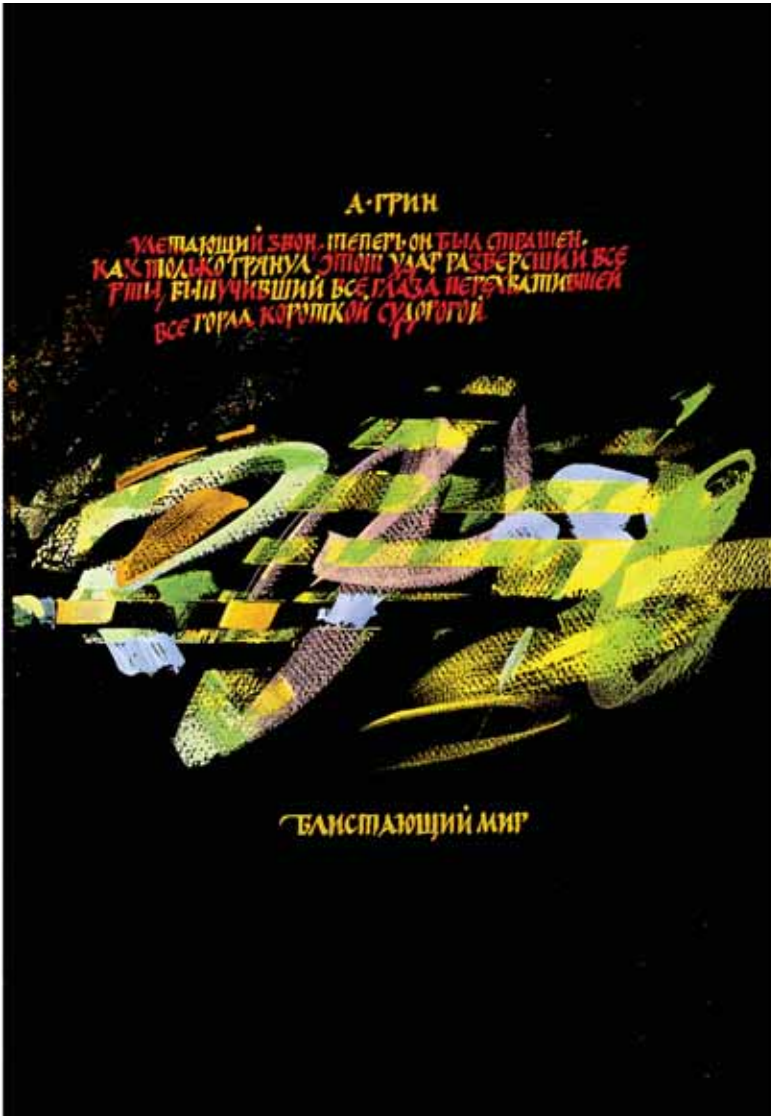
3

1. Composition based on Poe's poem "Eldorado" (flat brush, gouache, black paper).
2. Composition based on Poe's poem "The Sleeper" (broad pens, gouache, paper).
3. Composition based Poe's poem "The Raven" (flat brush, gouache, black paper).

1

2

1. Inscription (broad pen, watercolors, gouache, paper).
2. Composition, 1985 (broad pens, flat brush, watercolors, gouache, paper).
3. Composition based on Grin's fantasy "The Shining World" (broad pens, flat brush, gouache, paper).


А·ГРИН
УЛЕТАЮЩИЙ ЗВОН. ТЕПЕРЬ ОН БЫЛ СПИВШЕН.
КАК ТОЛЬКО ГРАНУЛ ЭТОТ УДАР РАЗВЕРСШИЙ ВСЁ
РТЫ, ВПИТУЧИВШИЙ ВСЕ ГЛАЗА ПЕРЕХВАТИВШЕЙ
ВСЕ ГОРЛА КОРОТКОЙ СУДОРОГОЙ
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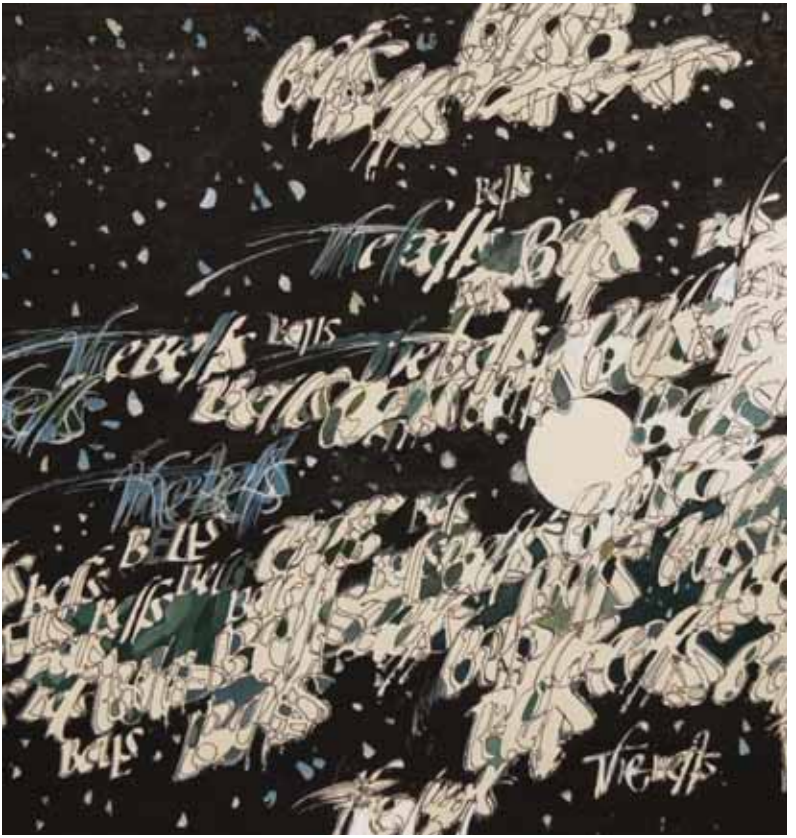

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1. Composition based on Poe's poem "The Bells" (handmade broad pen, round brush, gouache, paper).
2. "The Bells," detail.
3. Run (broad pen, gouache, paper).
4. Inscription, "Theater" (broad pens, gouache, paper)
5. Exercise (handmade brush, Indian ink, paper).

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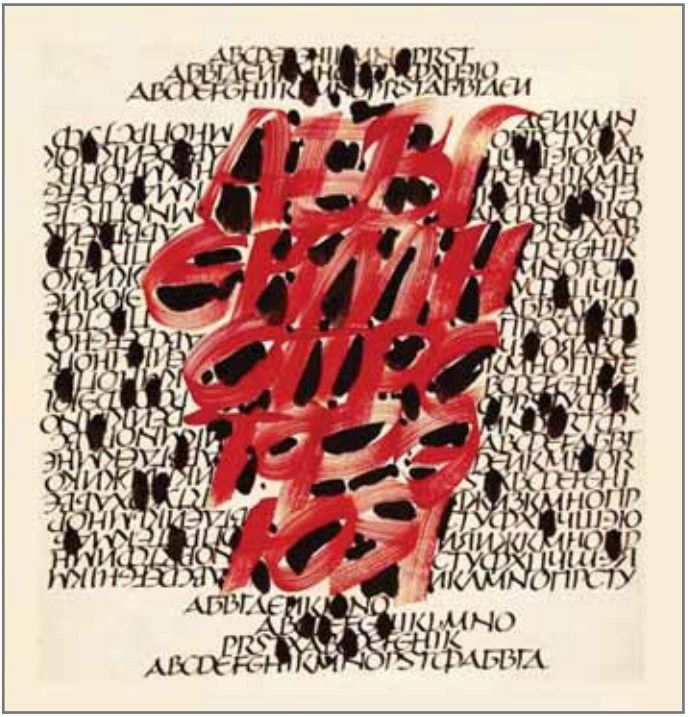


3

и ветра шум и космоса дыханье / всё музыка

4

1. Composition based on a poem by Pushkin (flat felt pen, paper).
2. Autographs (flat felt pen, paper).
3. Composition, 1990 (broad pen, flat brush, gouache, paper).
4. Composition for a music calendar (broad pen, flat brush, gouache, paper).

Александр alexander

1

2

Кто слыхал гармонику, А. Н. РАДИЩЕВ

3

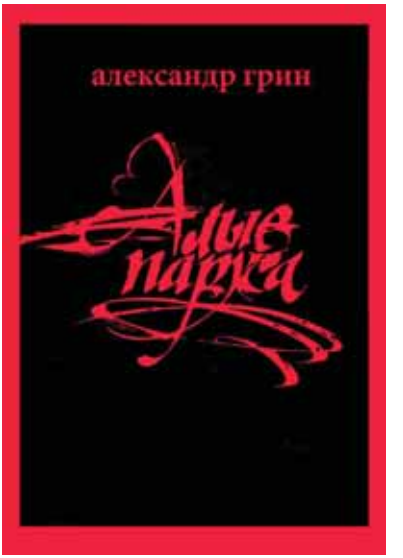
1. Composition, "Alexander" (broad pens, gouache, paper).
2. Composition, "Ghost" (flat brush, gouache, black paper).
3. Quotation from Radishev (broad pen, gouache, paper).

А. ПУШКИН

1

Юбилейная
выставка
книги
книжной
графики
и плаката
Краснодарского
книжного
издательства

2


александр грин
Алые
паруса

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5

1. Composition based on a poem by Pushkin (broad pens, gouache, paper).
2. Poster (broad pen, gouache, paper).
3. Book cover (broad pens, colored paper).
4. Improvisation (broad pen, Indian ink, paper).
5. The Union of the Arts (reed broad pen, gouache, paper).

Alphabet, Font, Letter

Alphfonlets

IT WAS HOT in the classroom. Water dripped from the ceiling, and a huge fly, with crazy courage, kept butting against the windowpane. I dolefully went through stacks of students' work, preparing examples for lectures on font graphics and dreaming of a glass of cold beer. Suddenly a little girl strolled into the classroom and, without saying a word, picked up colored pencils and began to draw some letter beast. She finished it and said: "Look! Chomp, and he will eat you!"

After long discussions with a big bottle of cool lemonade and a piece of yesterday's cabbage pie, we named the unknown creature Alphfonlet (alphabet, font, letter) and looked at the works of the students with renewed excitement.

"Are there any other beasts like that?" we wondered. "How do they get on? Will they bite us, or treat us to a cup of tea?" We met several Alphfonlets. One of them we liked very much: enormous, like Gulliver in the land of Lilliputians, he carefully stepped among the swarming alphabetical small fry.

"Howdy, sharp-toothed dude!" we hollered at him, as if he were our old acquaintance. The giant didn't say anything in reply, only gave a kind look, and, as my guest was sure, nodded his head, meaning to be friendly. Then the little girl told me that her name was Sidorova, waved her hand, and disappeared for many years. ... But we will meet her again in the pages of this book.

The Alphfonlet's song

Alphabet and font and letter
I don't know what is better.
If you write the letter ill
No one be very thrilled.
If you think that I am right
Do your letter clean and bright.
So write and write and write,
Write all day and write all night,
But do not write upon a fence
Not with chalk and not with pens.

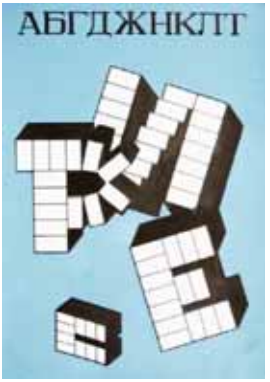
ШРИБУК Ш АЛБУК ЂУК УК
ИДАРОВА СИДОРАВ
СИ

Note

IT'S POSSIBLE to learn to write and draw letters beautifully in early childhood. History gives us examples in which even eight-year-old painters achieved great results (especially calligraphers in the East). In the early stages of teaching, it is difficult for children to cope with print pens. That is why it is better to start them off with spade-shaped soft-tip pens. Some teachers prefer that their pupils practice with bars of colored chalk directly on the blackboard. Chalk works without difficulties, like a soft-tip pen. It glides over the smooth surface, and mistakes are easy to correct. A wet sponge or a rag must always be ready at hand.

Emphasizing proper penmanship to children is counterproductive. It is more important for them to understand what letter slant and pen angles are—the inclination of letters against the horizontal line and the angle of the broad pen tip in relation to the line.

Children quickly grasp the logic of a broad-nib pen and the proportions of script. And it is natural that the process of teaching is more successful if there is an element of a play in the lesson. Even grown-up students have fun making Alphfonletters.


АБГДЖНКЛТ

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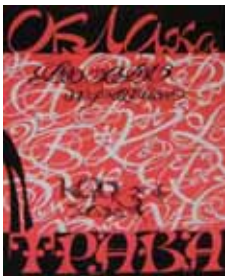

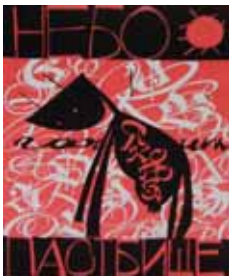

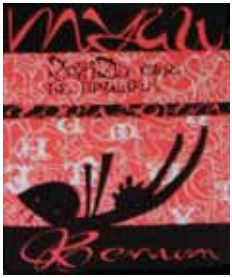

1–4

TATIANA IGOREVNA BUSHMAN was born in 1971. She graduated from the Graphic Art Department of Kuban State University. She took part in "The Russian South" exhibition, and her calligraphy and painting have featured in several regional exhibitions.

She is a member of the Russian Union of Artists and now works as a freelance artist.

Tanya is a wonderful hairdresser and cuts the hair of friends and colleagues with great pleasure.

5

1–4. From the series Mary the Goat (broad pen, brush, gouache, paper).
5. Abstract composition (broad pen, gouache, paper).

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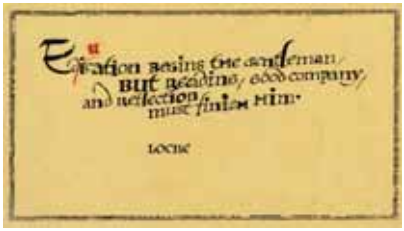

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4

VIKTOR PAVLOVICH KORZHEMANOV was born in 1955. He graduated from the Graphic Art Department of Kuban State University and is now a freelance designer.

1. Composition (flat felt pen, paper).
2. Quotation from Locke (broad pens, gouache, paper).
3. Composition (broad pen, gouache, paper).
4. Improvisation (wooden stick, gouache, paper).

The glass cutter

"Ta-ta-ta. Tuk! Ta-ta!" The pen scratched the paper, and the first-year student, Sidorova, tapped it on the table every few seconds.

"You should be careful with tools," I noted cautiously. "Two hundred years ago, the price of a box of pens was a bull and a sheep, plus a visit to a tavern."

"Wow," Sidorova sighed. "Even a visit to a tavern!" I didn't say anything, recalling an incident from my childhood.

We lived in a small seaside village. The market there was splendid: mountains of fish—fresh, smoked, salted. The tables bent! Add one good walleye and they would have collapsed.

"Hey dear, buy a fish! Look how fat it is! The grease is just dripping—dripping—from it."

"Look, auntie, it's your own nose that is dripping. ..." The boys dragged heavy water bottles: "Who wants cold water? Who wants cold water?" And in the midst of all this hustle and bustle, someone was selling glass cutters. The people gathered round to watch how easily he cut whimsical figures out of glass. Of course, they all had to have a glass cutter of their own. Then they all ran home to cut glass figures themselves.

When it turned out that they couldn't even cut a straight strip, they ran back to the market, shouting and cursing. "He fooled us, the swine! He swindled us!"

The master then took the rejected instruments and did wonders with them, cutting figures even better than before.

There are no bad pens, but there are half-hearted students.

Awaking from this memory, I continued teaching. And suddenly I heard "ta-ta-ta." That was Sidorova again, writing as if she were firing a machine gun. I shivered and went to look for an aspirin.

Note

PENS MAY be organic (reed, bamboo, cane, quills) or artificial (plastic, metal, etc.). New metal pens may scratch the paper, even stick in it. If they do, carefully round off the sharp edges on a small emery board.

Metal pens sometimes are covered in a thin film of grease that comes off with the ink, creating problems. Hold it above match flame in a fraction of a second or wipe it with a piece of gauze wet with saliva: "A woman's saliva would be especially good, because it is more poisonous," I usually tell my students when I mention this classical method of degreasing. They laugh.

Many modern masters prefer quill pens, especially swan quills, sharpening them like chisels. These pens are very pliable and glide freely in any direction without catching on the paper.

Reed and cane are also very good for calligraphy. They quickly become saturated with ink and keep good contact with the paper. Before beginning work, Eastern scribes clean their reed pens, opening up the capillaries in the reed. And in ancient Egypt, to make the reed retain ink better, the scribes lightly tapped the reed with a mallet or carefully chewed on it. But I don't advise you to do that. However, after splitting a reed to make a pen, burn a thin hole in it at the top of the split. Then the reed will not break apart further.

Reed and cane both lend themselves to experiments. They can be made to splay out, giving a double stroke. You can split them asymmetrically or change the angle of the edge of the pen's tip, getting many different effects. Pay attention to the

placement of the pen's ink reservoir. If it is too high, ink flows too slowly to the paper and quickly dries up. Place it one millimeter from the end of the pen.

THE RESERVOIR of the pen should be filled with a thin brush or pipette. Clear off surplus ink with a soft rag. If you dip the pen directly into an ink bottle, a flow will form on the working surface of instrument, and strokes will be soft and roundish. Eastern calligraphers solved this problem with the so-called silk comb. Touching the tip of the pen to the comb saturated it with ink always produces just the right amount.

An instrument also should be washed in water as often as it possible. When the work is done, it should be wiped dry.

I don't advise you to chew on the reed itself

ЖИЛИ-БЫЛИ
ДЕД ДА БАБА,
БЫЛА У НИХ
КУРОЧКА
РЯБА

ЖИЛИ-БЫЛИ
ДЕД ДА БАБА,
БЫЛА У НИХ
КУРОЧКА
РЯБА

ВГДЕЙБ
ЙОЛРСТ

ДРЕВНЕ
СЛАВЯНСКИЙ
АЛФАВИТ

1

MAXIM VLADIMIROVICH GLUKHOVTCEV was born in 1968. After finishing art school, he worked as a retoucher of commercial printing in Krasnodar. He also served in the army. In 1994, he graduated from the Ivan Fedorov Polygraphic Institute with great distinction. He now works as a technical editor in the Krasnodar Regional Art Museum.

2

1. Composition (computer).
2. Untitled (broad pen, gouache, paper).

MARIYA SERGEEVNA RUDNITSKAYA was born in 1946. She graduated from the Grecov Rostov-on-Don Art School and has participated in Russian and international exhibitions. She is the member of the Union of Russian Artists. Marsha likes to repair to her dacha and pamper her pet, Maha.

1

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1. Congratulations from Maha the dog (colored chalks, paper).
2. Favorite lady cat (colored chalks on black paper).

DMITRI MICHAILOVICH LITVINOV
was born in 1946. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University and now works in design and calligraphy. Dima is always in wonderful form and can shake your hand so hard that your eyes water.

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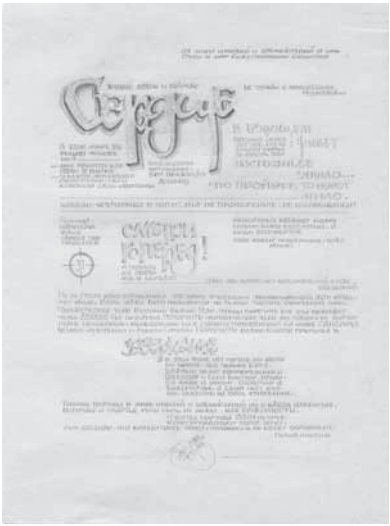
1. Inscription "Doctor Faust" (flat pencils, paper).
2. Orakul (flat pencils, paper).
3. Behind a mirror (flat pencils, paper).
4."My Philosophy–1" (flat pencils, paper).
5."Reflections" (ballpoint, paper).
6."My philosophy–2" (flat pencils, paper).
7."My philosophy–3" (flat pencils, paper).



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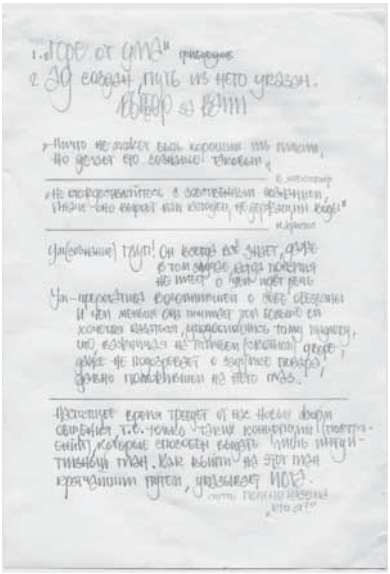

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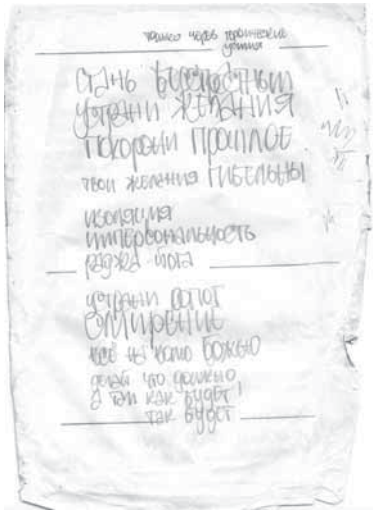

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D'Artagnan turned pale just once

LONG, LONG ago, in a faraway land, there was a quarrel between two famous calligraphers. Respectful and a little standoffish, they nevertheless kept scolding each other, exasperating each other. They even had a fight! And all that fuss was about … it's shameful even to mention it … flourishes!

"Down with these extravagances! Damn the complexities! They are as bad as gluttony," the first calligrapher shouted, his face trembling like a red tomato on a thin stem.

"Oh, no, oh, no! Only drunkards with delirium tremens talk such nonsense!" said his furious competitor, hinting at his colleague's tendency to drink a bit. "No, my friend, the art will shine, but the envy will fall away, and my pen will not be worn out making flourishes."

"Sidorova!" I said one day in class, "the masters almost beat each other up over flourishes, and you keep making curls that look exactly alike."

Sidorova turned a deaf ear. Out of despair, I punched myself in the head and, as strange as it may be, a thought was born there.

"Tell me, please, who is your favorite literary hero?" I asked with the most innocent look.

"D'Artagnan!"

For the next class, I went through *The Three Musketeers* with a pencil in my hand, and here's what I found: In this thick novel, the courageous Gascon never repeats himself when expressing his emotions. Only once does he turn pale, only once does he think about something in horror, only once does he roll on the floor with laughter, sleep like a baby, become shy and cry, become speechless of joy, or fall at Cardinal Richelieu's feet.

I started to give Sidorova a hard time as soon as the next lesson began. "Suppose that in *The Three Musketeers*, your favorite, d'Artagnan, were to turn pale on every page, always

sleep like a baby, and constantly flop down whenever he sees the cardinal. Would that be interesting? Would it? You do the same thing: You put the same flourishes in every line. That is simpler than a steamed turnip. You'd do better to make one curl, but properly! Do you get it, or do I have to pound a nail in your head?

SIDOROVA didn't do a bad job with the flourish. She drew the cardinal too. One thing disturbs me: His eminence resembles me a lot. But what is that nail in the head for?

Note

In everyday handwriting, an abundance of pen flourishes usually make the writing difficult to read. Not without reason does Don Quixote, when sending letters to his incomparable Dulcinea, prefer that a school teacher or sacristan makes clean copies with beautiful handwriting. He does not trust professional scribes: "Their flourishes and snags are such that there is no making head or tail of it."

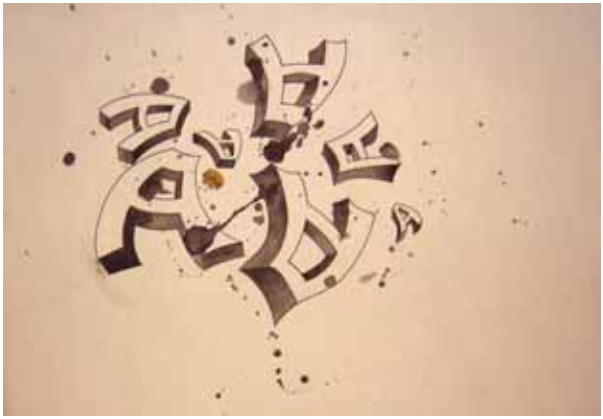
It's true that in those times, teachers, too, liked to make a show by wielding a skillful pen, but they knew where to stop. They didn't abuse their texts with decorations, adornments, or ornaments, and when they used them, they put them in exactly the right places. Everyday letters should be easily readable without decorative overindulgence or pretentiousness.

There is nothing more complicated than simplicity. He who cannot do something well does it richly, the Greeks said.

Certainly, one may find wonderful examples in which the text literally is lost in the design of the lines, but real beauty has been never achieved by a great abundance of luxury.

Sidorova's favorite, d'Artagnan, supposedly was distinguished not only by the richness of his motions, but by the diversity of the flourishes of his rapier. (It was necessary to remind Sidorova of this).

Those who banalized d'Artagnan by monotonous flourishes of their own rapiers seem not to have got past the first chapters of that famous novel.



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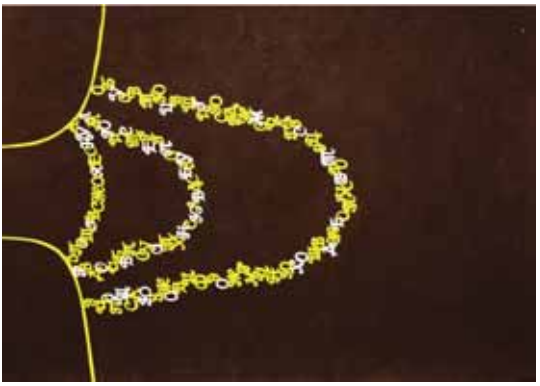

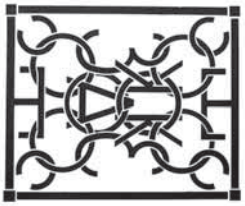

ЕЛЕ
РАУ

ТУШЬ
ГУСИНОЕ ПЕРО
ПЕРО ТРОСТНИКА
ГУШЬ КИТАЙСКАЯ
ЗОЛОТО СТРИК СЕРЕБРО
ЧЕРНИЛА МАРКУС

KONSTANTIN NIKOLAEVICH BALASHENKO was born in 1961. He attended Krasnodar Art School and graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University. He works in the advertising industry, and participated in the Russia in Advertising exhibition. Kostya's hobby is chinning himself on a horizontal bar.

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1–9. Corporate symbols (pens, brushes, Indian ink, computer).

SEMYON ALEXANDROVICH CHALY was born in 1979. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University. He now is a teacher and a research student at the university, where he is writing his dissertation.

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1. Book cover, "Cossacks" (broad pen on paper).
2. Illustration from "Cossacks."
3. Inscription (broad pen, Indian ink).
4. Monogram (broad pen, Indian ink on paper).
5. Exercise (broad pen on paper).
6. Untitled (broad pen, ink).
7. Inscription (broad pen, Indian ink).

Tears

"Calligraphy isn't just an art," I said while writing elaborate flourishes on the blackboard—not without skill, if I do say so myself. "While you write, the pulse rate goes down, you become disconnected from the outside world … feeling groovy, so to speak. Calligraphy heals us. Stresses go away."

"O-ooo!" Sidorova broke the silence, shedding crocodile tears. Plop, plop, plop!

"Well, what is there to be upset about?" Not understanding, I rushed to Sidorova to have a look at what she had been doing. She had inscribed the word "Mama," mixing it with tears on her work.

"Enough, enough. Don't torture yourself. What is this all about?

"Calligraphy doesn't heal, but only cripples!" Sidorova whined. "I flunked this final test, and now its only good to be thrown away! I don't understand it!" Plop!

"What's the point of being so hard on yourself?" I asked, softening. "Take it easy, but take it. Look how well you shed your tears! And now paint these puddles with ink … just do it, and the composition will come around. I promise."

The heads of the students ruffled. So did the pages of the books on the tables. It was Sidorova breathing out with relief. The composition really had straightened out!

МАМА

Sidorova asked:
Why must I suffer this way, *writing*
letters? I have a computer.

The answer:
Specialists discovered long ago that a
computer in the hands of a dilettante is
a worthless and even injurious toy.

Monstrous examples of ads made by
amateurs are all over the place. In just one
block, you can encounter signs such as
"Musical Theater," "Shashlik House," and
even "Toilet" using the same computer font.

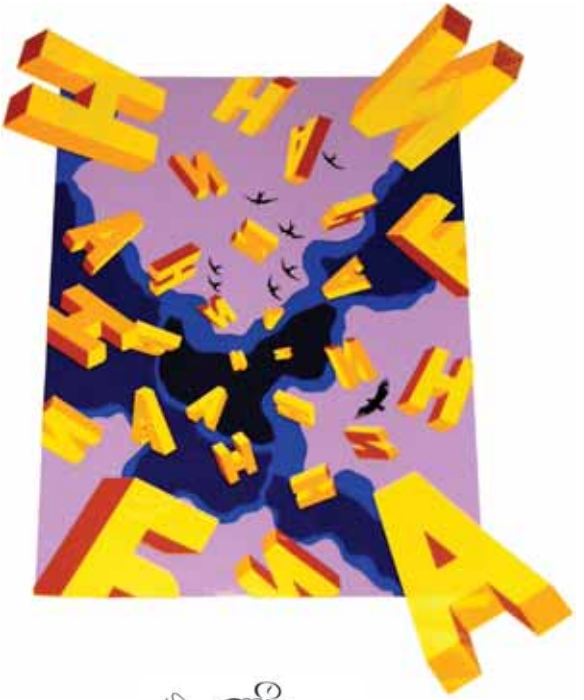
CALLIGRAPHY , drawn print, is
irreplaceable in the sphere of graphic
design for everything from book plates, to
book design, to advertisements. The art of
lettering is an individual skill that must
be mastered. Written letters have a beauty
and a meaning that even the most perfect
patterns of computer or typographical fonts
lack. Advertisements made by an actual
artist can give an impression of strength
or constancy, grace or movement, richness
or refinement. The prime consideration
is the emotional orientation of the
letters. Of course, professional inscription
demands thorough training of the hand
and eye and a feeling for composition.

These are the fundamentals of
mastery, and designers who use
computers today sadly lack them.

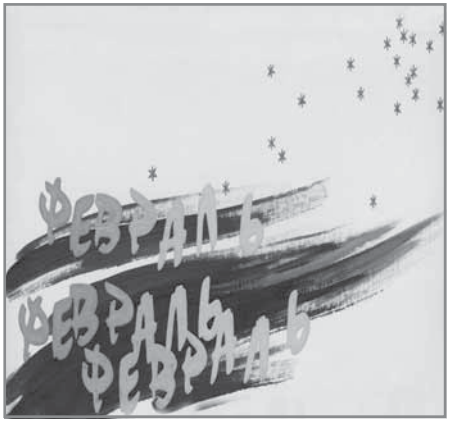
ЧЕБУ-
РЕЧ-
НАЯ
КВАС
ТУАЛЕТ
ТЕАТР

..Одолела меня
одолей-трава
Покалина в себя.
приласкай
И забыть бы всю
жизнь
И тебя и себя.
Зря меня ты
в том поле
нежила.

ЖЕНСКИЕ ВЕЩИ



ВРЕМЕНА
ГОДА


ФЕВРАЛЬ

АВГУСТ
август

ФЕВРАЛЬ

A trick

Here's a funny story. My graduate students were making a plaster wall bearing the names of famous font artists. One evening, when they were falling off their feet from exhaustion, I tried to get them going again. A student whose nickname is the Jackknife suddenly said, "Do you know what telekinesis is supposed to be? It's, like, if you look at our wall and—bang!—a letter falls down. That is so bogus."

Well, I couldn't let that pass. I ran to the wall and asked: "Which letter do you want to see fall down?"

"The letter 'O' in the name 'Toots'"—the Estonian calligrapher Villu Toots—they cried.

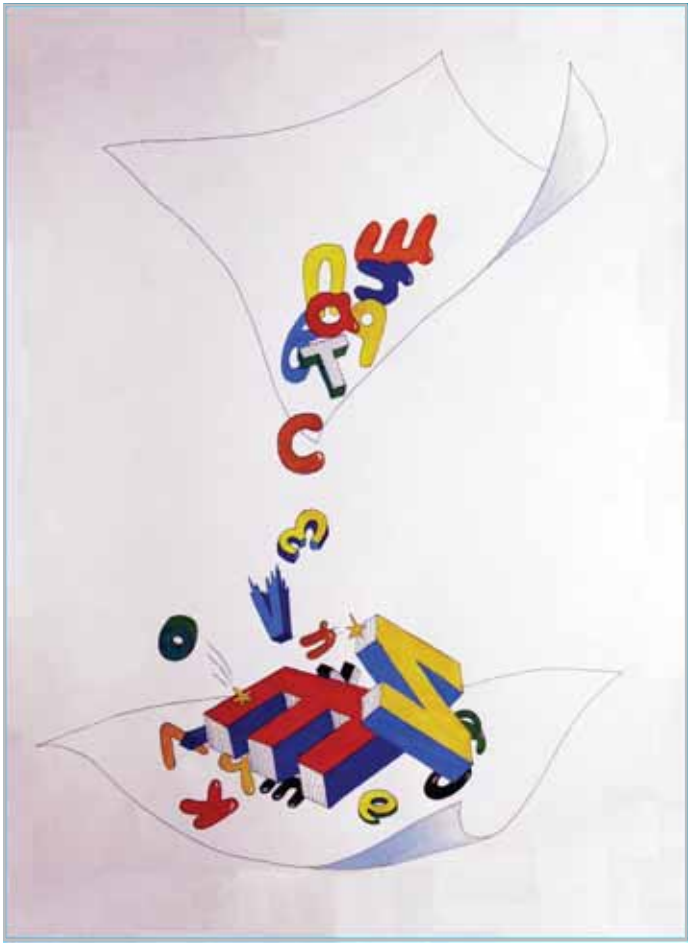
"The first or the second one?"

"The first one!"

So I stood with my back to the wall, put out the palm of my hand, and said: "The letter 'O'! Fall down, right into the palm of my hand!"

Nobody of course expected this to happen—and that included me. Then came the miracle. Something immediately fell into the palm of my hand. It was the first letter "O"! Everybody went crazy! After calming down a little and having a chat about what happened, everybody also started working again. However, I was kicked out: "Our final diploma work is going fine, and you are playing such tricks. You'll knock down all the letters!"

"Are you sure that letter didn't hit you on the head?" asked Sidorova.



Note

We, the undersigned students, who graduated in 1985, confirm that all the events described by our thesis guide in the story "A Trick" are completely true.

M. Kultin, V. Bolotov, V. Bogachev

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АБВДЄ
ЖИКЛМН
ОПРСТФЦЧЭЮЯ
АБВГДЄЖИКЛМНОПР
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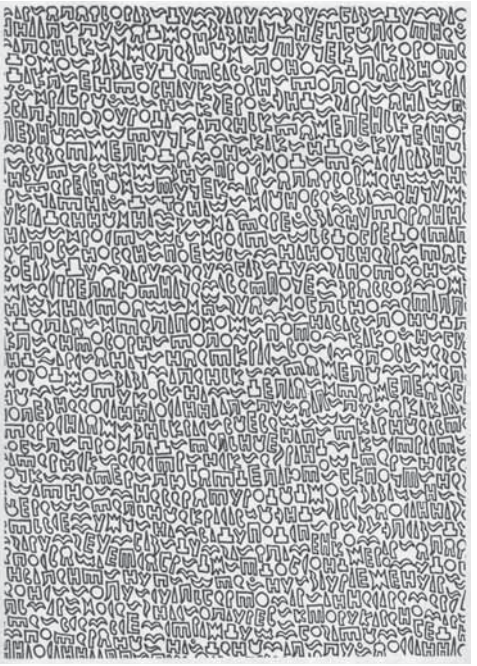
ABCDEFGHIK
LMNOPRS
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPRS
КЛМНОПРС
ДЄЖИКЛМНОПРС

ДИЗАЙН

ANDREI VICTOROVICH REPESHKO was born in 1966. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University. He is a painter, an author of visual poetry, and a book designer. Many of his works were published abroad and are now in private collections. Andrei likes traveling and spends a lot of time in trains.



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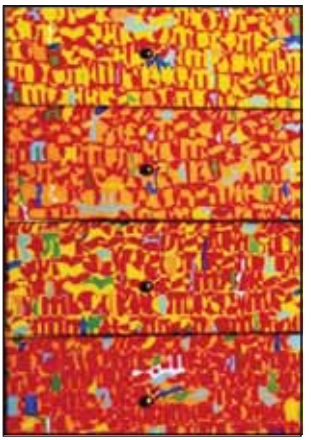

4

3

1. Lettering (felt pen, paper).
2. From series "Visual poems 1" (pen, Indian ink, paper).
3. From series "Round texts" (pencil, water-color).
4. Lettering on the bookcase (pencil, brush, oil-paints, wood).

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5. From series "Oval texts 3" (pen, Indian ink, paper).
6. From series "Visual poems 5" (pencil, water-color, paper).
7. From series "Visual poems" (pen, Indian ink, paper).
8. From series "Visual poems" (pen, Indian ink, paper).

Siamese twins

Once I reproved Sidorova. The rest of the class was working hard, concentrating on every letter, and she was just looking out the window.

"Are you counting crows?"

"No, I am counting jackdaws."

"I see. Have you counted many?"

"No," replied Sidorova. "There are not many of them. Only five."

"Only five?" Now, there were just five students in the room.

"Yes: Daw Sidorova, Daw Ivanova, the Semenov twins (they are both daws), and Daw Kravchenko."

"Well then, why don't you draw our birds digging around in their letters," I offered. "This is already a composition.? I am not even charging anything for the idea!"

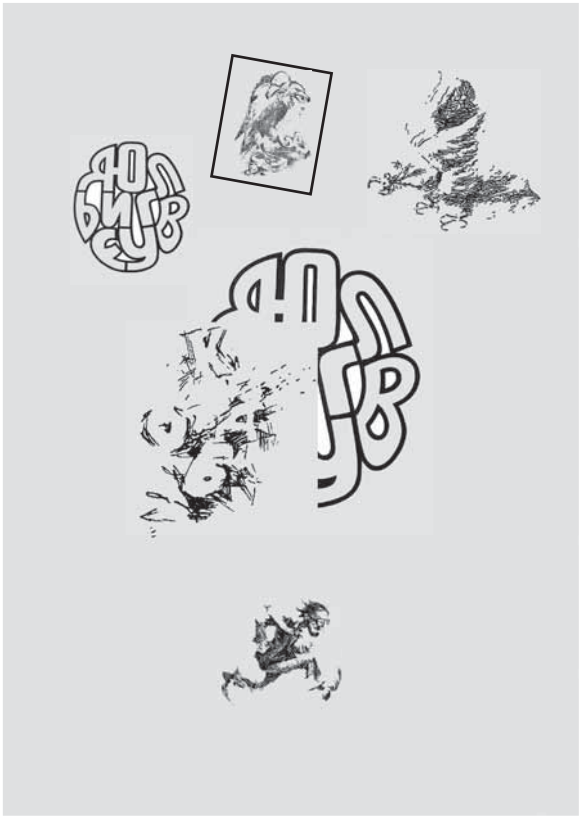
Before five minutes had passed, Daw Sidorova had finished her work: some strange two-headed bird jumping on three legs.

"What kind of miracle is that? Siamese twins?"

"No, I drew Yrka and me," Sidorova blushed. "We are not twins."

Then Daw Ivanova, the two Semenov daws, and Daw Kravchenko cried in unison: "Sidorova is now a double bird—a jackdaw, plus a crow. She has married Yurka Crow!"

From that time on, the nickname "the Siamese twins" has stuck with Sidorova.



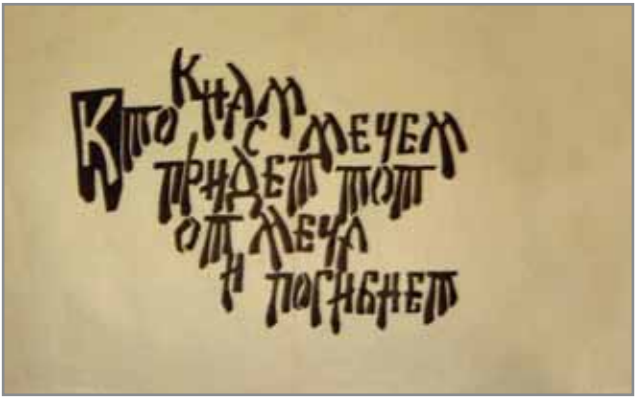
pg 102

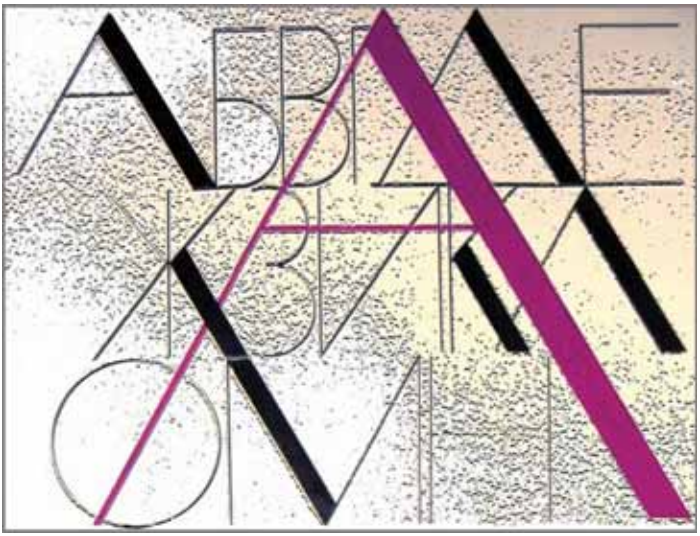
Note

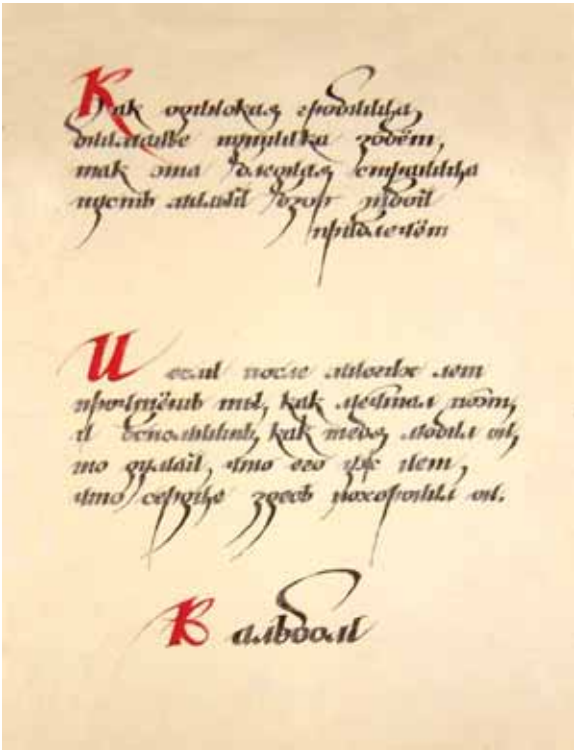
For more than a hundred years, artists have depicted people, birds, animals, and things with the help of the letters. Geoffrey Tory, Auguste Renoir, and Salvador Dali worked fruitfully in this field.

Under this rubric, we should also mention calligrams. The term "calligram" was coined by Guillaume Apollinaire. It is a poem (although it can also be a phrase or single word) in which the typeface or handwriting forms an important part of the focus, "creating a visual lyricism," as he put it. Apollinaire saw this art as a synthesis of music, painting, and literature.

But several works made before and since could be called calligrams, as well: *Cross* (Tory, in the fifteenth century), *Oracle of the Bottle* (Rabelais, in the sixteenth century), *Wounded Dove and Fountain* (Guillaume Apollinaire, in the nineteenth century), and *Anna* (Villu Toots, in the twentieth century), to name a few. The "crow letters" by Alexandr Chaly on page 107, and some other works specially created for this book, are part of this tradition in calligraphy.


Кто к нам с мечем придёт тот от меча и погибнет




Как осенняя прохлада,
Как
Как эта ранняя отрада
Пусть лишь взор твой
приветом
И если после многих лет
Встретишь ты, как лебеда поет,
И вспомнишь, как тебя любил он,
то знай, что его уж нет,
что сердце здесь похоронил он.
Я вдовец

Слово скажу-сам скраснию,
Склонюся низенько.
Твоя писня дуже гарна,
Ты гарно спиваешь.

ALEXANDR PAVLOVICH CHALY was born in 1953. He graduated from the Graphic Arts of Department Kuban State University in 1977 and served in the army. He is a regular participant in town and regional exhibitions, showing both paintings and graphics. He is a professional interior designer. Sasha is a romantic person and dreams of finding hidden treasure. When he does, he will share it with everybody.

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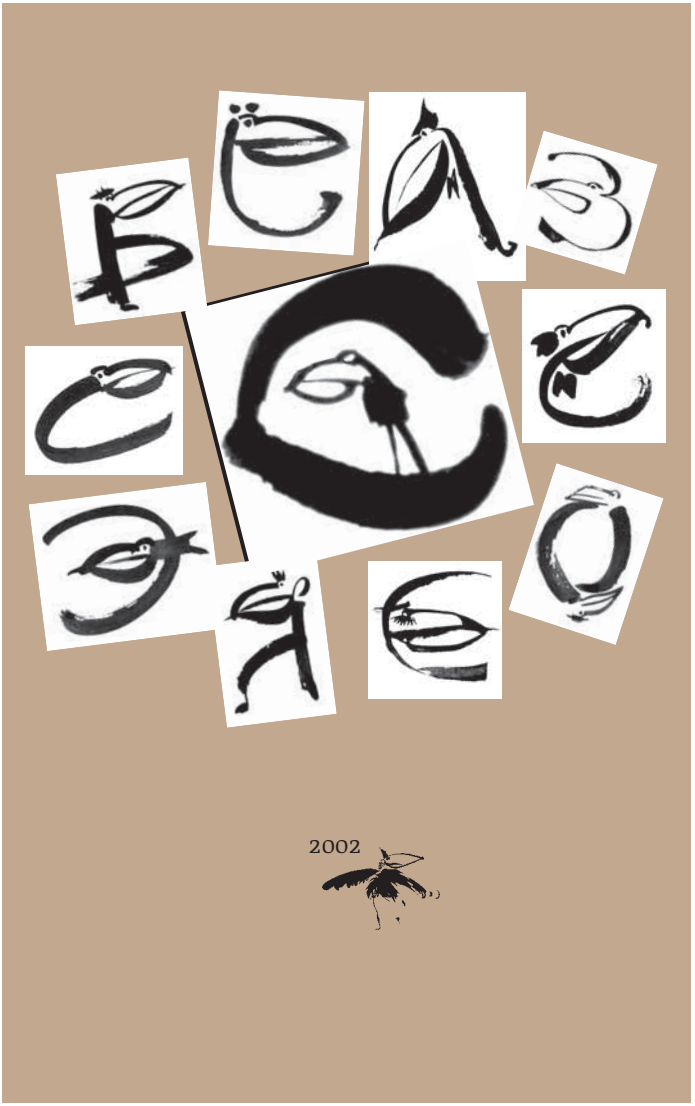
1. Exhibition poster (broad pen, paper)
2. Shop title (broad pens, gouache, paper).
3. Shop title (broad pen, gouache, paper).



7

4. Advertisement (broad pen, gouache, paper).
5. Inscriptions (broad pens, Indian ink, paper).
6. Fish (broad pen, gouache, paper).
7. Crow alphabet (flat brush, gouache, paper).

LENOCHKA DANILOVA
is a secondary-school pupil.

1

1. Drawing (brush, colored chalks, paper).
2. Inscription "Excavator" on note-book (felt pen, broad pen, paper).
3. Inscription "Excavator" (felt pen, paper).
4. Inscription (felt pen, gouache).
5. Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan (felt pen, paper).
6. Letter, fragment (ballpoint pen, paper).
7. Drowing (colored pencils, paper).
8. Hero (ballpoint pen, paper).
9. Letter, fragment (colored felt pens).
10 Father (colored pencils, gouache).

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ходили на речку и в лес. Дедушка мне показывал, где растёт ежевика. На море мы с папой плавали и играли. Вечером и утром я и дедушка ходили на море удить рыбу и ку – патылся. Ещё мы с дедушкой ходили к рибакам и покупали у них рыбу.

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Dream

It was fall, or maybe summer. Outside, a drizzling, pesky rain was dripping down, and right under the window some nut had been kicking a tin can around for what seemed like a week. The next day there was to be a graphics portfolio review, and not one creative thought had crawled into Sidorova's head.

"Ah! The morning is wiser than the day," decided Sidorova justly, and she fell into a sleep that couldn't have been disturbed by a cannon. Jumping up early in the morning and forgetting to wash her face, she grabbed a brush, and—would you believe it?—before she knew it, her graphics assignment was done. She wrinkled her freckled nose, swallowed yesterday's unfinished hot dog, and off she rushed to the university.

Here she ran up to me, showed her work and explained: "I saw this composition in my dream. It was a big pyramid, all made of letters, and you were standing on the very top of it, like a mountain goat … oops! I meant like a mountain eagle. I was climbing to the top, tearing my hands and feet, clenching my grade book in my teeth."

I, of course, assumed a dignified tone.

"And what grade did I give you?"

"Excellent," she answered.

"Yes," I said, looking at the composition, "you pictured yourself very neatly, but where is your teacher?"

"Well, right after I got my exam grade, I pushed you down from the pyramid."

What a shame! The poor girl apparently was being tortured to death by me. I gave Sidorova her Excellent grade, and just as I wanted to let her go in peace,

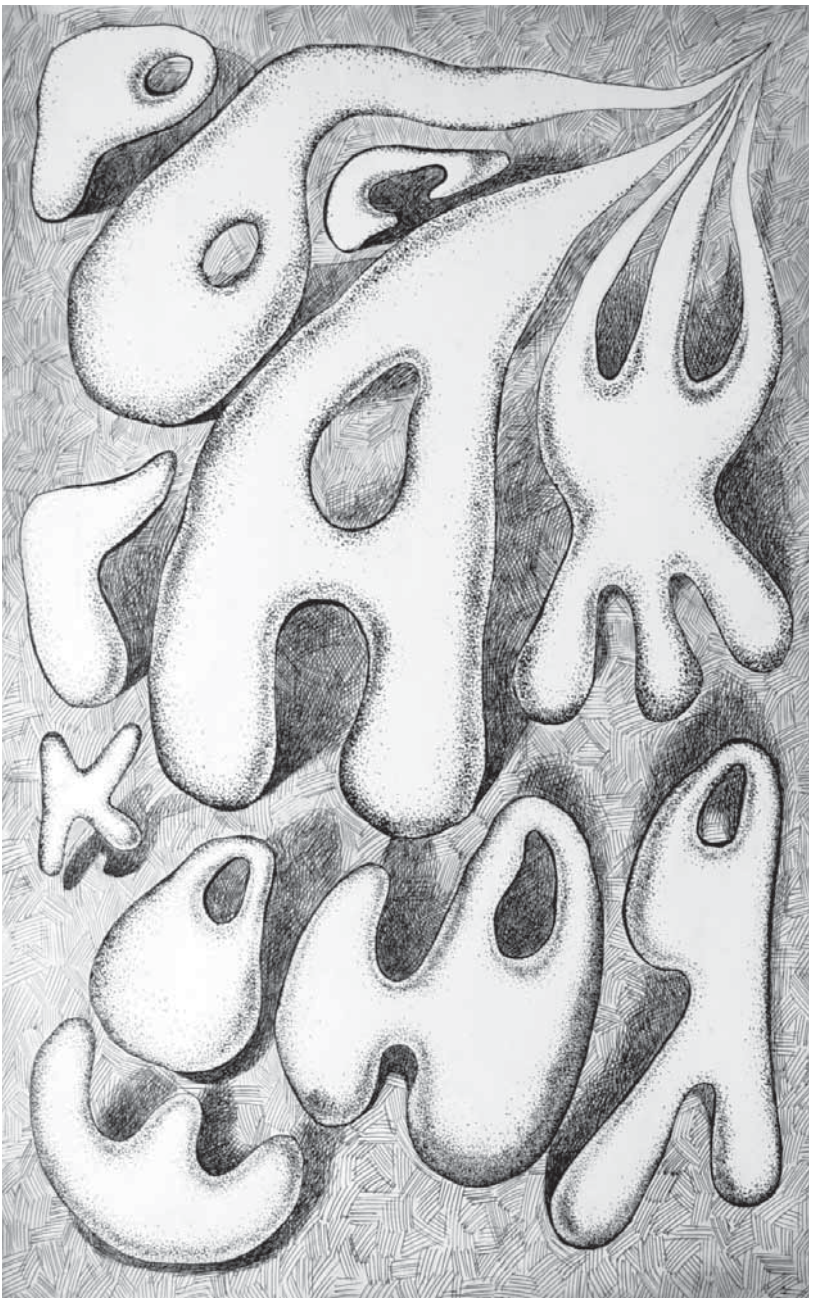
another student turned up with a composition that said: "When a fool sleeps, he sees foolish dreams." I couldn't help showing the proverb to Sidorova. The devil made me do it.

For three days we didn't talk, but later we made up.

Note

HISTORY supplies numerous examples in which the creative work of artists, writers, and scientists continued in their sleep. The English writer Robert Louis Stevenson acknowledged that he dreamed everything that he described in *Treasure Island*, down to the smallest details. At night, even when Stevenson was in the arms of Morpheus, the writer's relatives sometimes saw him sitting at the table and continuing to work. After awakening, the author read the pages that he had written with great surprise.

The chemist Dmitri Mendeleyev likewise claimed that the saw the periodic table of the elements in his sleep. If that is so (although I personally think that the old man pulled the wool over our eyes), why couldn't Sidorova see a calligraphic composition in her sleep?



Урок занимательного занятия

Каллиграфы

ANDREI BORISOVICH SKRIPKA was born in 1956. He graduated from the Krasnodar Specialized School of the Arts in 1984. A painter, he has taken part in many international exhibitions. He is a member of the Russian Union of Artists. Andrei's hobby is calligraphy. In English, his surname means be "Violin." He draws letters the same way that a good musician plays a Stradivarius.

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1. Untitled (steel pen-brush, Indian ink, paper).
2. Untitled (steel pen-brush, Indian ink, paper).
3. Untitled (steel pen-brush, gouache).
4. Graphic, Painting, Art (reed broad pen, gouache, paper).

The round O

CARDINAL Giacomo Stefaneschi sucked in his tobacco-stained mustache with the right side of his mouth, and having chewed it with his crooked, sparse teeth, spat it out. Fiercely emptying his nose into a handkerchief decorated with a monogram, the cardinal sipped from a small hidden bottle and finally remembered where he was going and why.

Pope Bonifacius had commissioned a young, but already famous painter, Giotto, who then was at work in Assisi, to come and work in Rome, and he had sent Stefaneschi to get him.

The road wore Stefaneschi out, and he gave a sigh of relief when, with a lingering squeak, the carriage stopped at the artist's gates. An apprentice with a goose feather stuck behind his ear stared open-mouthed at the cardinal and, almost hit by a pig that galloped by, quickly disappeared behind the door of the studio. Giotto, who came out to meet his eminent guest, received him with honor, but without any hint on shyness.

"Well, of course," said Giacomo Stefaneschi, trying to make himself comfortable in a hard armchair, "everybody heard about your brilliant frescoes in the church of Saint Francis, but"—here cardinal's nostrils flared—"we want to verify your mastery for ourselves. Draw something, and I will wait!" the cardinal commanded, closing his eyes.

There came an awkward, silent pause.

"If I don't teach your eminence a lesson right now, my name isn't Giotto di Bondoni," the maestro thought, offended by such distrust, and he grabbed a piece of paper.

Everyone froze.

Having dipped his brush into red paint, with one quick movement, he drew a perfectly round letter "O" and handed the strange creation over to the cardinal, who was totally astonished.

"Is that all?"

"More than enough. Pope Bonifacius will be pleased."

Everyone became excited. The painters rejoiced, winking at each other, while the models whispered quietly. In the corner of the studio, holding his mouth with a hand black with drawing charcoal, the apprentice was choking with laughter.

Giacomo Stefaneschi was left in total perplexity. How was he to know that in the twelfth century, the popular name for stupid people was "a round fool"? It was because of this incident that the saying "You are rounder than Giotto's 'O'" got started.

All the way back to Rome, Giacomo Stefaneschi drank wine and wondered. At times, he pulled out the sheet of paper with the mysterious letter, and, sucking his tobacco-stained mustache with the right side of his mouth and spitting it out, tried to perceive the meaning of the mysterious epistle.

DURING THE break, right after the lecture, Sidorova flew up to me and joyfully burst out: "You are rounder than Giotto's 'O,' too!"

I was stunned.

The students, always ready to have fun, simply burst into laughter right before my eyes!

As it I later found out, Sidorova had slept through the whole lecture, and then, not understanding what was going on, decided to give me a compliment.

Although doubts tear me apart. Was student Sidorova really sleeping?

I have my
doubts
that Sidorova
was really
asleep.

Note

Speaking of Giotto's letter "O," I once happened to read about the way master nineteenth-century Russian icon makers painted halos over saints' heads. Holding the brush between his middle and index finger, the master put his little finger on the face of a saint, using it as one leg of a compass to draw a perfect circle. The brilliant Florentine, Giotto, would probably be amused by such a refined technique. But the icon artist's trick can be excused, because the round letter "O" is the most difficult in the alphabet. My students know that when the structure of "O" isn't adequately clear, it is impossible to master depicting other letters that are visually similar to "O": "b, c, d, e, p, s" and so on. Similarity is one of the basic laws governing how things are made. Not without reason, even Leonardo da Vinci, when he became interested in the shape of some object, tried to imagine it having been taken apart and then tried to put it together again his mind.

Good morning, California

ПРИГЛАШАЕМ
5 КУРС
19.30
1 КУРС

ВКШ
ОТ
ЯЦНОН

ЖИВОПИСЬ
РИСУНОК

YURI IVANOVICH SERENKO was born in 1958. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University of in 1986 and served in army. He has worked as a restorer in the Folklore Museum and devotes himself to book and commercial graphics.

1. Company symbol (computer graphic).
2. Inscription "Cuban Gold" (computer graphic).
3. Poster (computer graphic).
4. Company symbol (computer graphic).
5. Company symbol (computer graphic).

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VLADIMIR ILYUCH CHERKASHIN was born in 1942. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 1979. His favorite work is book design.

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3

1. Book cover (flat brush, stencil, gouache, paper).
2. Inscription (broad pens, Indian ink, paper).
3. Poster, detail (broad pen, brush, gouache, paper).

A rat story

I WAS LOOKING at a font composition of a student named Ivanov. Rats in sailors' uniforms were fiercely nibbling the deck of a ship covered with letters. A one-legged cook, like Long John Silver, having grabbed the mast with his tail, was smoking a pipe. The Jolly Roger was blowing in the wind. The cannons were shooting.

I didn't like the work. The letters were poorly drawn, and the rats looked like pigs.

"You have done too much! Who is that you want to scare?"

Not feeling shy at all, Ivanov defended these creatures as if they were close relatives and soon made me totally lose my patience. I cupped my palms in the shape of a megaphone and screamed: "What is this? A riot on the ship? Remove the gangway! Kick the rats out! Thunder and lightning! Thousands of volleys!"

I ordered some rum. I said, "I've been to countries where people die like flies from the yellow fever. Only rum can save you. Pour some!"

While Ivanov evaluated the situation, a dim light dawned upon me.

"What are you, according to your horoscope?" I asked.

"Well," he replied unwillingly, "a rat."

The guys moaned with laughter, and one girl even fainted. Ivanov knew what to do in that situation: he got some water into his mouth and sprayed her face with it. This is how they became friends, and soon they had a wedding. And I was there. That was where I met a goofy and wonderfully fat rat with a red bow around her neck.

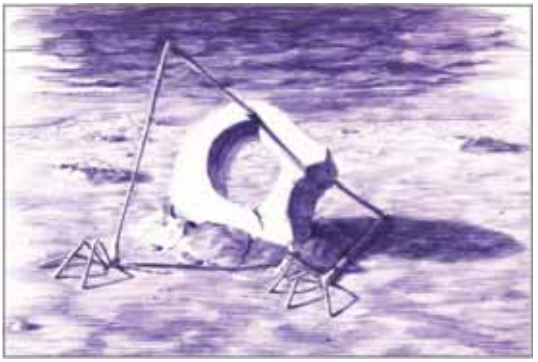
That was the Ivanov family's pet.

Note

I have been to countries where teachers died like flies because of yellow fever. They could not hold even a bamboo stick in their weak hands to write. Only rum could save me. Give me a barrel of rum! Rum!

I noticed long ago that
sometimes it is very useful to play the fool with students. They always keep up their end with pleasure, too

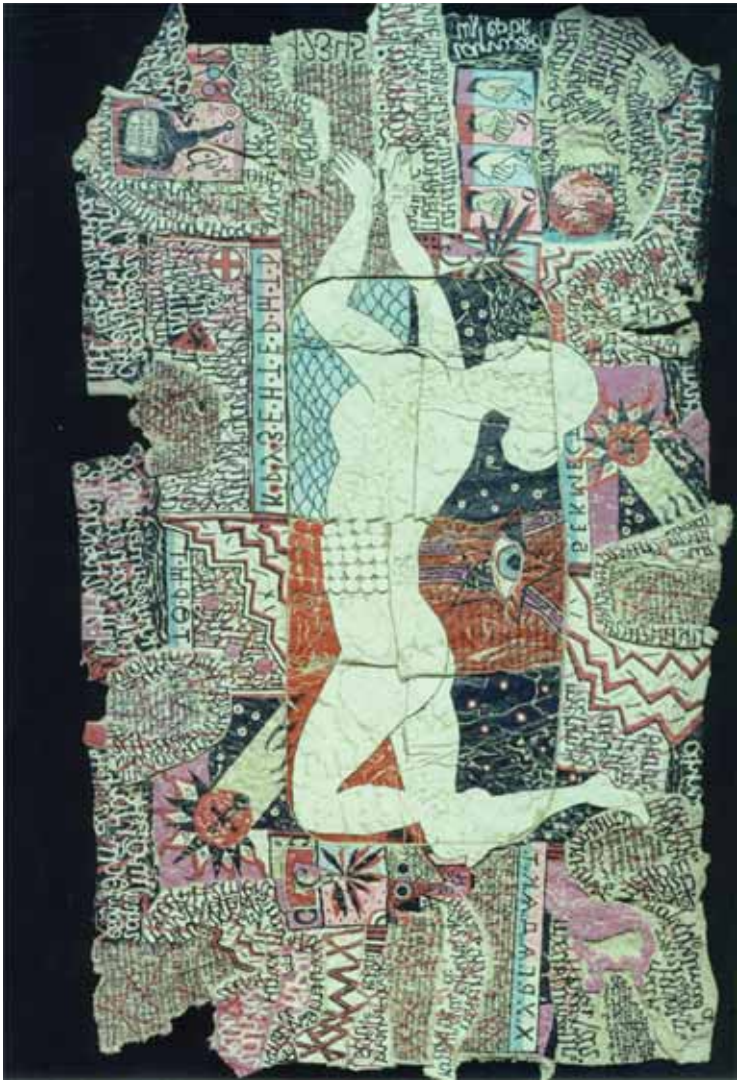
After the rat story, many students began to draw letter compositions with these disgusting animals. Go ahead and look at them, if you can.



DMITRI PAVLOVICH BABENKO was born in 1970. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University. Since 1994, he has taken part in more than two hundred international art projects. He works in graphics, painting, lettering, and collage. Mitya likes to keep his mouth shut and work.

1

1. Rug. Collage (broad pen, gouache, paper).
2. Inscription (brush, felt pen, stencil, gouache, paper, cardboard).



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A caricature

SIDOROVA WAS copying a font and carefully picking her nose. The girl hadn't slept enough. She gave a shudder, blinked her eyes … gave another shudder. The work was progressing slowly.

"These monsters you are drawing!" I said with annoyance. "It's scary to look at drawing like that."

"It's OK," Sidorova wrinkled her forehead. "It's close enough."

Losing all patience, I drew a very mean caricature of Sidorova. From a pretty girl, I made her into the devil knows what. But there was a resemblance. Noticing nothing wrong, Sidorova posed with obvious pleasure.

"Does it look like you?"

Sidorova blushed a lot and murmured something about personal offence and human rights. The class was laughing:

"Don't be sad, Galya. A good face needs no paint!"

The next time the class met, a drawing had appeared on the blackboard: a disgusting little man with tousled beard (as you have already understood, that was me), riding the letter "A," swinging a pen instead of a spear. And beside that there was a poem. A very crude one. My eyes stuck to my eyeglasses to witness such impudence, but I said with almost a fatherly voice: "Whose work is this? If you say, you will automatically pass the exam. I'll give you an Excellent. Give me your grade book.

"There is free cheese only in mousetraps," the students laughed. Nobody took the bait.

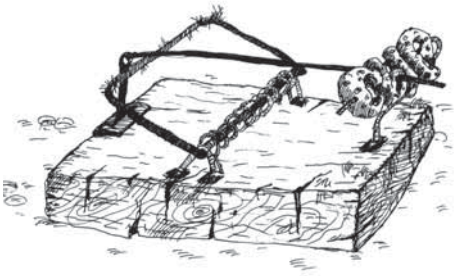
Not so long ago, I got a postcard, with the same rhymes, but now they were neatly written, and a drawing. No signature and no return address.

Who sent it? I am no longer angry.

Sidorova asked:
What is most important when teaching printing to beginners?

Answer: Correct proportions are the soul of art. (I don't remember whether I formulated this myself or read it somewhere.) They make a thing beautiful. Every print and every letter has its own character, and that is defined above all by the proportion of the width of the letter to its height. Imagine, for example, what would happen if, when drawing a model, you depicted her as twice as long as she really is.

CERTAINLY an experienced master may distort or exaggerate the proportions of even classical print if it is keeping with his creative intention. You can say the same about artists with an excellent knowledge of anatomy who sometimes deliberately depart from exact representation in the interest of creating an image. But all this comes with experience, after you master classical proportions, whether it is in drawing a human figure or writing a letter.



Tell the students that the beginners should copy a text while observing the dimensions of the original, then the they will understand it more quickly.

There is free cheese only in a mousetrap ...

Сказка
ложь
да в ней
намек

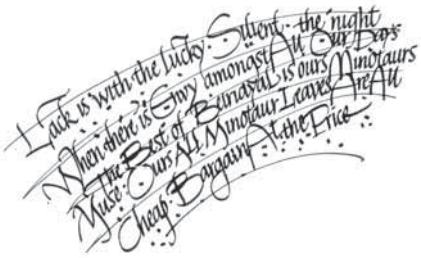
А а
Выжгите керосином

октябрь

Нефтяники

Василевский
Артан
Кузьмич

Luck is with the lucky Silient the night
When there is Envy amongst All Our Days
The Best of Betrayal is ours Minotaur's
Muse Ours All Minotaur Leaves Are All
Our Autums The Bargains of Envy are
Cheap Bargains At the Price Lust Loves
Longer Barter Youth The Bargains of
Betrayal are Yours Betrayal's Wisdom
is a Long One Barter Betrayal Life's

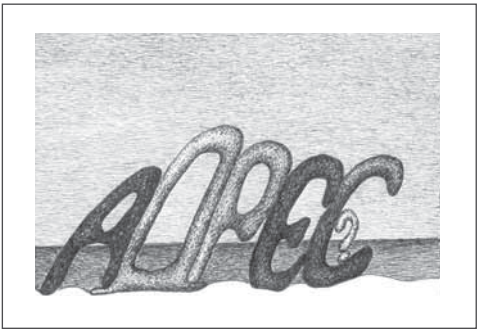

Luck is with the lucky Silent the night
When there is Envy amongst All Our Days
The Best of Betrayal is ours Minotaurs
Muse Ours All Minotaur Leaves Are All
Cheap Bargains At the Price

1

EVGENI EVGENYEVICH KAZITCIN was born in 1951. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University and served in the army. He has organized many exhibitions in Krasnodar. His work has been shown widely in Krasnodar, throughout Russia, and in international exhibitions.

His pictures have been bought by the Museum of Fine Arts in Krasnodar, and by private collectors in Russia and abroad. He is a member of the Russian Union of Artists. Evgeni is good-natured and full of energy. He likes jokes and plays. Evgeni helps me collect tops from vodka bottles.

He been trying to quit smoking, though.



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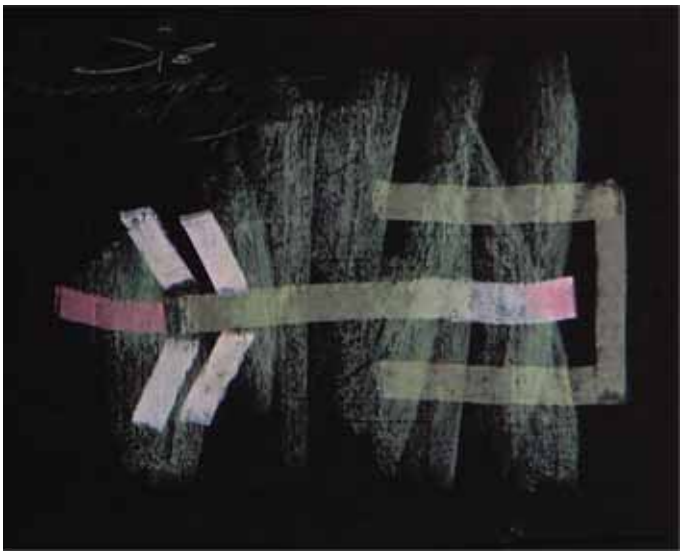


7

1. Untitled (colored chalks, black paper).
2. Composition “Address?” (ballpoint pen, paper).
3. Composition “Sunday” (ballpoint pen, paper).
4. Not shame to be fool (ballpoint pen, paper).
5. Composition “She” (ballpoint pen, paper).
6. Composition “Soviet men” (ballpoint pen, paper).
7. Untitled (colored chalks, black paper).

9

10

11

8. Alphfonlet (pen, gouache, black paper).
9. Untitled (ballpoint pen, paper).
10. Untitled (ballpoint pen, paper).
11. He gave up to drink (ballpoint pen, paper).

A charming creature

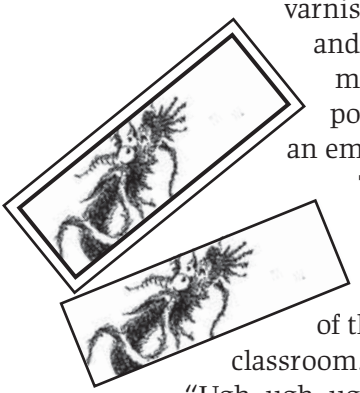
I SAW HER and was struck dumb. Long-desired and inaccessible, she now lay before me. On the table. Elegantly drawn dragons adorned her slim body. Hieroglyphs sparkling with gold attracted me as though by hypnotism.

An India stick ink! I was burning with desperate envy! Such a treasure had been given to a mere neophyte.

"*Our* ink is the best ink in the world," I lied, convulsively swallowing.

"Is *this* the best ink in the world?" Sidorova whined. She had bought a bottle of ink and couldn't open it.

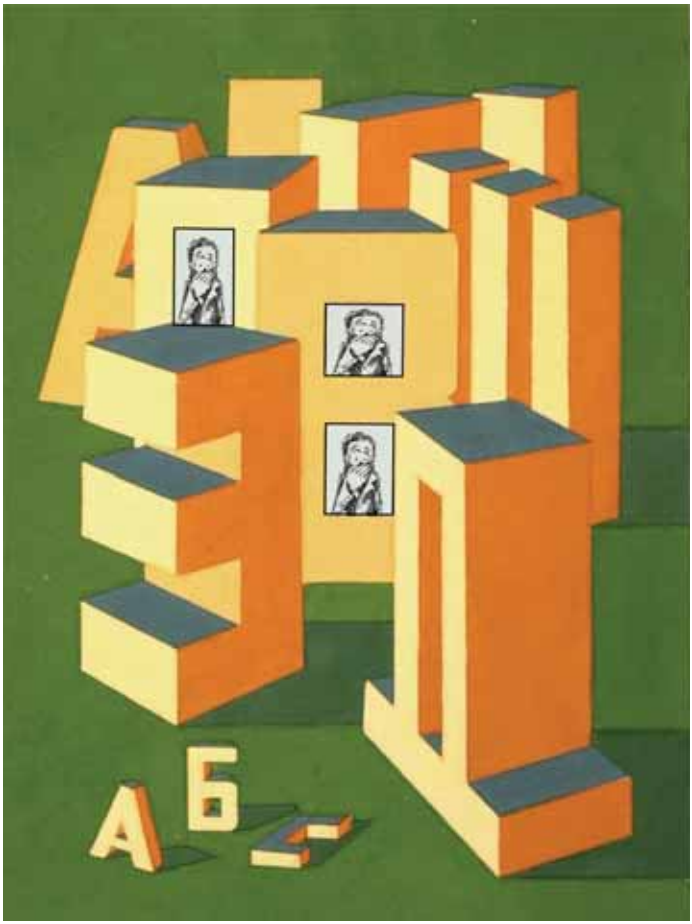
"Sure!" I puffed, trying to unscrew the bottle cap, but unable to take my eyes off the exotic treasure on the table. "Ink has to be as black as varnish, light as a cloud, clean as water, and as sweet smelling (here I put as much sweetness into my voice as possible) as a charming creature in an empress's suite."



Thus inspired, I pushed hard and ... a stinky, turbid liquid stained my new white shirt. The unbearable caustic smell of the best ink in the world filled the classroom.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh," cried the whole class, holding their noses. "So that's the aroma of a charming creature in an empress's suite!"

We all ran outside for the breath of fresh air, and Sidorova ran faster than anybody else. I didn't attempt to chase her.


А
Б

Sidorova asked:
Is it possible to make your own ink?

Answer:
GOOD, FLUID ink of a uniform thickness can be made from the light green incrustations on oak leaves. Put them between two layers gauze and squeeze out the juice into a glass, then add some iron sulfate solution. Let this mixture stand in the light for seven to ten days and you can begin to write with it using quills or reed pens. Metal pens don't do well with iron sulfate.

In Russia, ink was made of soot from the stove. It was diluted by sugar-sweetened water. It was also made with rust (usually from old nails) and cherry-tree gum. This gave it a brown tint.

In Ancient China, Japan, and throughout the East, in order to neutralize the unpleasant smell that develops in ink that has been stored for a long time, aromatic compounds such

as rosewater or musk were added. And there, to prevent flies from lighting on the inkstand and running across freshly written letters, they added ox bile to the inkwell.

NOWADAYS, there is no problem finding good India ink, gouache, or watercolors. Nevertheless, it is necessary to be able to prepare paint well, especially gouache. It should be diluted only enough so that it easily flows down the pen, but still covers the surface of the paper. Then there should be no need to resort to a brush to touch up the letters. Before writing with gouache, it should be carefully mixed, evenly distributing the medium, which gathers in the upper layer. If one does not do so, the letters will be both translucent and sticky. Thick pigments should be filtered well through two or three times through gauze to prevent insoluble grains from clogging the pen.

When working, don't forget to stir the paint periodically to keep it uniformly dense.

Sidorova ran faster than anybody else. I didn't attempt to chase her.

работы
по
до

Русские сезоны

A monogram

EXPERIENCED calligraphers sometimes use the most unexpected tools," I told the students. "Yakut al-Mustasimi, hiding in Baghdad from the Mongol invaders, found himself without paper and pens. Tormented by idleness, he started to write on the towels and tablecloths, dipping his forefinger into ink. And there were many people who were eager to get those masterpieces!"

Sometimes artists write with the stick from an ice cream bar, a strip of cardboard, a watermelon rind, a potato… .

Qi Baishi preferred a brush made from rat whiskers wrapped in sheep's wool. Donald Jackson, while having a friendly chat, dipped his spoon into coffee and started to write gracefully right on the tablecloth. It was taken right away as a keepsake.

Or I will read to you from Arthur Conan Doyle: "Holmes, in one of his queer humours, would sit in an armchair with is hair-trigger and a hundred Boxer cartridges and proceed to adorn the opposite wall with a patriotic V.R. done in bullet-pocks." Is that cool, or what?

"I, like Holmes, choose a gun," Sidorova suddenly exclaimed, interrupting me. "I bought it for my little brother. And I can shoot without missing!"

Klop! Klop! Klop! Three darts with heavy rubber suction heads flew over the tables with a roaring sound and stuck to the blackboard. Sidorova, too, was writing out a monogram!

"Wow—wow! You're doing great!" I was amazed. "All right, go for it. Keep on!"

Bam!

"Yikes! That hurts!" The fourth dart landed right onto my forehead! It stung, but I didn't freak out, because—praise the Lord—my glasses were safe. Thanks be at least for that.

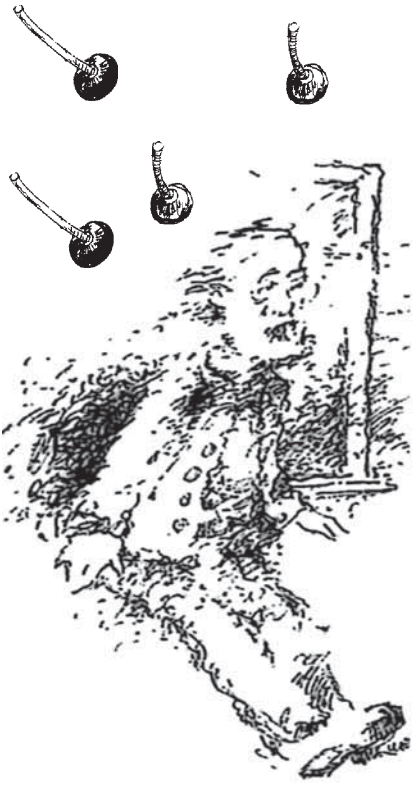
"It was pretty funny, you have to admit." Sidorova was getting embarrassed.

"Yeah, I never laughed so hard in my life. You shoot well, but not too well."

"Actually, you shoot very badly," I muttered between my teeth, hardly succeeding to get the damned dart off my forehead. "If you had a real gun, and if I were Doctor Watson, many stories about the famous detective would have been left unwritten."

"If I had a real gun, the class would have had to collect money for a memorial for me while I was still alive," replied Sidorova, who blushed very sweetly.

I LEFT THE classroom and plopped down into an armchair. Then I dug a piece of candy out of my pocket, and even though it was covered with breadcrumbs, I started to feast on it.



Note

I READ THAT once the painter Ilya Efimovitch Repin, out of curiosity or maybe in a fit of inspiration, created an unusual portrait of a woman to whom he was talking. He tore colorful petals off the bouquet that was on the table and dabbed them on a sheet of paper.

The flower sketch! When doctors forbade him to paint, he sketched with anything he could find—even with cigarette stubs!

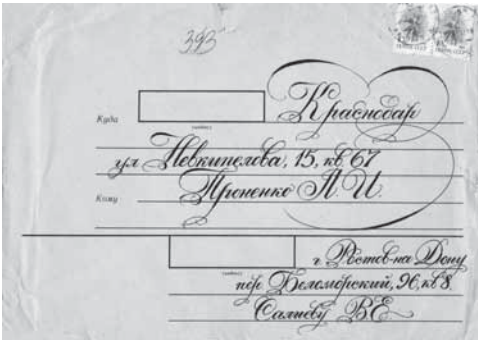
Once Repin dropped into the studio of an artist named Svarog while the painter was at work. Remembering the doctors' prohibitions, Svarog quickly hid all his brushes. Without a second thought, Repin corrected Svarog's canvas with his finger.

There are a lot of examples of calligraphy made with unusual instruments. Figure 1 on page 20 was written with a metal plate that was also used as a paperweight. The abstract graffiti alphabet on page 24 was scratched with a metal ruler used like

a wide-tipped nib. Once I saw a famous American calligrapher make gorgeous headlines and inscriptions by moving an open bottle of ink with its neck clamped down on a sheet of paper.

IMPROVISATION with different materials and tools sets your imagination free, sharpens the your flair for composition, and sometimes leads to unexpected results.

В



1

VIKTOR EGOROVICH SALIEV was born in 1940. He was an engineer, but he has never been indifferent to beautiful lettering. He has been a freelance calligrapher since 1988.

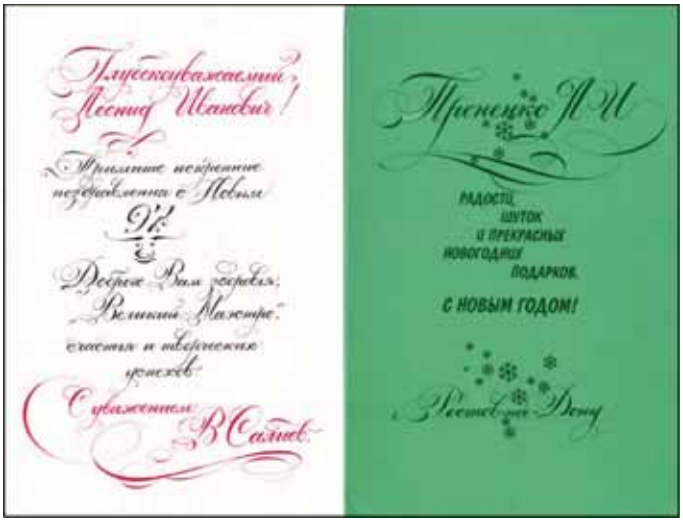
2

1. Envelope (ballpoint pen, paper).
2. Honors list (ballpoint pen, paper).
3. Greetings (ballpoint pen, paper).
4. New Year greetings (ballpoint pen, paper).

Тренеко
Леониду
Ивановичу
1991г
ПОЗДРАВЛЯЮ!
Уважаемый
Леонид Иванович!
Примите искренние
поздравления по случаю
выхода в свет Вашей
книги
„Каллиграфия для всех"
Желаю Вам солнеч-
ных творческих успехов
С уважением
В. Салиев

3

4


Глубокоуважаемый
Леонид Иванович!
Примите искренние
поздравления с Новым
Годом
Желаю Вам стать
„Великим Мастером"
счастья и творческих
успехов
С уважением
В.Салиев
Тренеко Л.И.
РАДОСТЕЙ,
ШУТОК
И ПРЕКРАСНЫХ
НОВОГОДНИХ
ПОДАРКОВ.
С НОВЫМ ГОДОМ!
Леониду Ивановичу

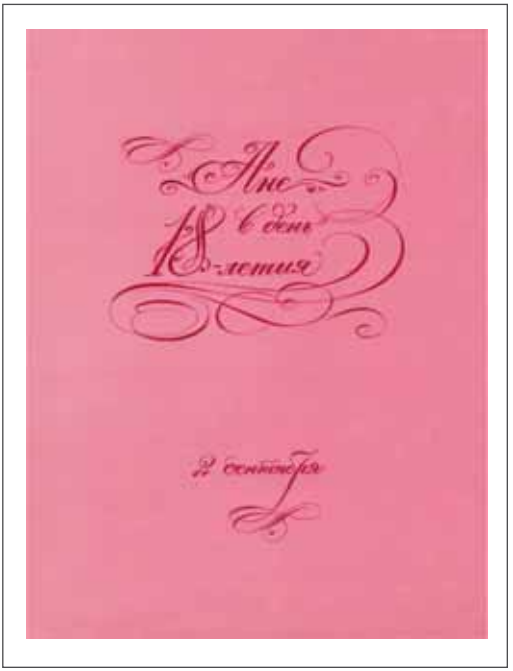
Note

THE EXPERIENCE of several years has impelled Viktor Saliev to some reflections on handwriting. He believes, for example, that a flourish is born immediately under the tool of the scribe in the very first moment. A flourish can't be reproduced exactly by anyone else. It may be copied, but the copy is not the real flourish. This distinguishes the flourish from decorative elements such as the letter or vignette, the artist says, although the distinctive features of the flourish frequently are obliterated.

1

Saliev also thinks that the flourish not only has an aesthetic function in and of itself, but also contributes to the overall composition, adding the final touch. It completes the work and gives it unity, harmony, and completeness.

Saliev believes that for the calligrapher, the letter is the sum total of harmoniously connected lines. It is both readable and beautiful.



2

1. Flourishes (broad pens, Indian ink, paper).
2. Birthday greetings (ballpoint pen, paper).

The racer

Zy-zy-zy. The air snarled and buzzed outside the windows. Bzy-bzy-bzy. The whole yard was shrouded in smoke. Bzy-zy-zyt!

One of my students was revving his motorcycle. The fellow wasn't too bad a calligrapher, but he was a great slacker. He skipped classes and "bzykked" under the windows. He was always in a rush, too—he even wrote his fonts in a hurry.

One day, he buttonholed me. "I've been thinking, sir. I need to settle down and get my act together."

"Thinking? Well, everybody's got to start sometime," I mutter in a not very friendly manner. "I'm so happy for you. But I'm late and have to go."

"I can give you a lift," he said happily. "I'll get you there in no time. I'm a professional racer!"

So, against my better judgment… .

We peeled out, and I confess, it was exhilarating. With the wind in our hair, the two new buddies were singing Steppenwolf's "Born to Be Wild" when a tree suddenly jumped out in front of us and we almost ended up as dead as the guys at the end of *Easy Rider*.

Having come to my senses, I said in a heartfelt voice that I save for occasions when anger overwhelms me: "'Bzyk' under the windows one more time and

you *will* be dead! You'll be caught in bad grades like a flu patient in his own phlegm."

OUR STUDENTS sometimes use stronger words, but for a teacher with experience… . "As for the font composition, my friend, you still have to do it!" That is how the composition on page 168 was made.

Sidorova asked:
How quickly one should one write?

Answer:
Everything enters into this issue—habit, temperament, the character of the material, paper, the tools, and many other things. It's essential in any case to preserve readability and aesthetic expressiveness. Certainly, if an artist needs to solve complex, untraditional problems in interpreting a text visually, then readability can take a back seat to expressiveness, and sometimes it's possible to disregard it. But that is another issue… .

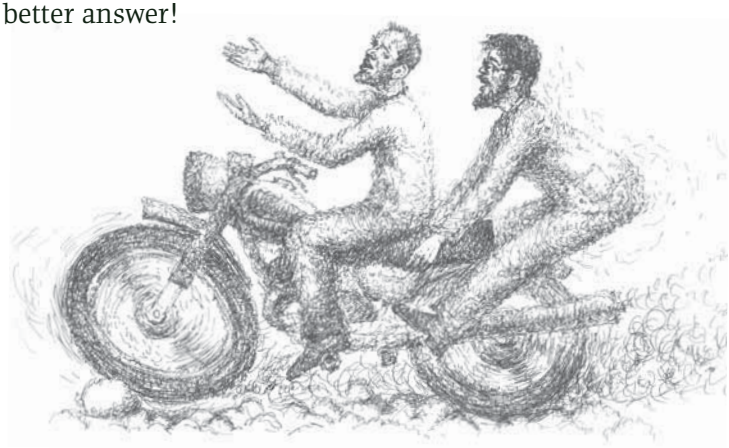
Question:
What is the optimum speed for beginners to write?

Answer:
First of all, they should pay attention at the careful completion of every stroke and observe the proportions of the letters. Speed will come later, together with manual dexterity. I advise

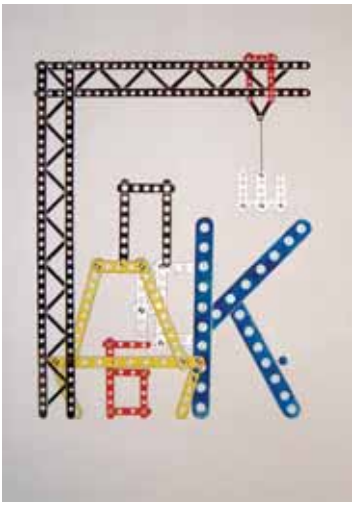
students to increase their speed very slowly. However, an individual approach is needed here.

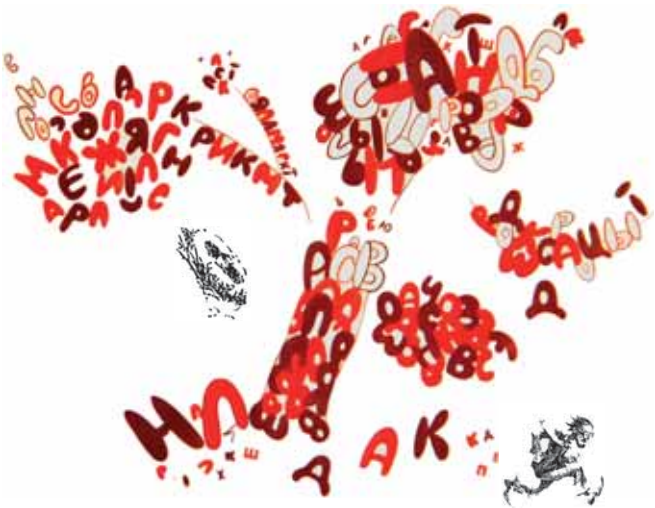
Question:
How long does it take to learn to write and draw letters beautifully?

Answer:
One student, whose passion was to copy difficult calligraphy works (E. T. A. Hoffmann's "The Golden Pot") noticed that his confidence grew with every word, which luckily were turning out well, and along with his confidence, his know-how grew, as well. I don't know a better answer!



ПТГ
БАДАМ
БРЫВМЕ





PAVEL VASILYEVICH MARTINENKO was born in 1975. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 1988 and has participated in local, regional, and national exhibitions. Pavel also takes part the Group Thirteen exhibitions. He is a member of the Russian Union of Artists.

NATALYA ALEXANDROVNA MARTINENKO was born in 1974. She graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 2000. Since 1988, she has taken part in local and regional exhibitions.

1

2

3

1. Handmade book, detail.
2. Handmade book, spread 1 (broad pens, gouache, hand-made paper, wood).
3. Wooden book case.
4. Handmade book, spread 2 (broad pens, gouache, hand-made paper, wood).

4

5

6

5. Handmade book, spread 3 (broad pens, gouache, hand-made paper, wood).
6. Handmade book page (broad pen, hand-made paper, wood).

The graphologist

Once my students and I started a conversation about graphology. There always have been people who want to penetrate the secrets and thoughts of others and to look into the future. All kinds of people have been involved in graphology: scientists and adventurers, calligraphers, artists, and writers… .

The French writer Honoré de Balzac was quite proud of his ability to fathom the mysteries of the moving pen. Once, a very nice lady, the writer's friend, brought him a notebook that was filled from cover to cover with a child's handwriting. She asked him to divine the child's character. And all the time, she was thinking: "Just wait, you fat pig. I'll teach you a lesson!"

"Oh," Balzac exclaimed, after attentive study of the manuscript. "It's a boy's handwriting. He is outrageously sloppy, throws stones at cats and, to tell you the truth, he is growing grow up to be a total reprobate."

This made the lady indescribably thrilled.

"My friend," the woman said, glowing with joy, "These are your own scribbles! Forgive me, but long ago, in childhood, I took this notebook from you."

Balzac squeaked a couple of times, but was sick at heart and didn't know what to say in reply.

Graphologists in the past actually put themselves in danger. Examining the handwriting of a beggar or of a king, they usually didn't know which was which and sometimes prophesied such horrible things about royal persons that they had to run for their lives. Unflattering interpretations of handwriting could cost them their heads.

Sidorova listened to me talk about graphology very attentively, then smirked and said: "Look at my notes, please. What can you say? An unflattering interpretation of the handwriting will not cost *you* your head."

The students grunted together.

"OK," I thought, "you are a poisonous girl, but I am no gift, either. You just wait, sweetheart, I'll get you. I'll teach you a small lesson."

"Give your notes to me," I said. "I will tell you all the truth and will not conceal anything. The letters tell me that ... yesterday you turned twenty."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's not news." Sidorova was having fun. "All the dorm celebrated! Don't the letters tell you anything else?"

The students grunted again.

"They sure do! You attended a ballet studio in childhood," I continued boldly. "It just looks like you've now forgotten what foot to start dancing with... . Remember how you broke your hand? And it was a good that you did, for your height and ballet are two incompatible things... . And at fifteen, they shaved your head. You forgot that, didn't you? And just look at these sick-looking flourishes in every line. It's obvious that you had jaundice... .

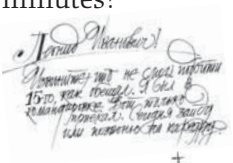
"Jaundice," Sidorova murmured. "Shaved… ."

Grunting in the classroom ceased.

"And look how many letters are skipped in these words! It looks like you are getting ready to get married." I was inspired.

Hardly understanding what was going, on Sidorova stared at her notes with almost inhuman curiosity.

"And can you tell me by my handwriting what will happen to me in several minutes?"



"There is nothing than that. You are going to laugh like crazy."

"And why is that?"

"Because I learned all these secrets from your mother, a former student here. So much for graphology."

"But what about the marriage?" mumbled Sidorova, unbelievingly. "Even my mom doesn't know… .

"That was just cooked up by me," I admitted.

Then Sidorova did laugh like crazy.

GRAPHOLOGISTS in the distant past who interpreted the czar's handwriting sometimes were forced to flee. Unflattering interpretations of handwriting could cost you your life.

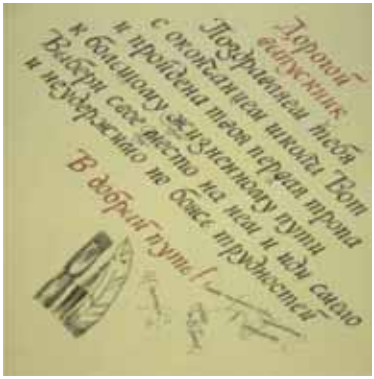
Note

The term "graphology" was first used by Jean Hippolye Michon (1806–81) in 1875. Today, specialists try to use formulas and computations to discern the age, sex, education, profession, and other personal information about people from their handwriting. The German calligrapher and scientist Albert Kapr thinks that you can achieve such results by analyzing printing done by masters of the art. And the Russian book designer and lettering artist Evgeny Gannushkin declares flatly: "No matter how an artist draws a line or makes a scribble, he cannot hide: He will be completely reflected in his printing, along with his nature and his attitude toward life."

It is known that everyone's handwriting changes, depending on their age, state of health, emotional experiences, and other circumstances, but it's not very probable that by judging either ordinary handwriting or an artist's printing even experienced specialists could correctly divine a person's character. In support of this skepticism is the fact that English scientists not long ago concluded that it is impossible consider graphology to be a serious science.

АБВГД
ЕНЙКЛМП
ХУСТ
ЩЪ
ЮЯ

АБВГДЕЖЗИК
ЛМНОПРСТУХ
ЦЧШЩЪЫЬЭЮЯ


Дорогой
одноклассник
Поздравляем тебя
с окончанием школы! Вот
и пройдена тобой первая прямая
и большому жизненному пути
Выбери свое место на нем и иди смело
и неуклонно по нему, преодолевая
все трудности
В добрый путь!

ALEXANDR MIKHAILOVICH YAKOVLEV was born in 1956. He graduated from the Krasnodar Art Specialized School in 1975 and from Kuban State University in 1983. He is a splendid graphic designer, painter, and calligrapher. Sasha likes powerful sensations and very often finds himself on unusual adventures.

1

2

3

5

4

1. Symbol for a graphic design group (ballpoint pen, paper).
2. Inscription (broad pen, gouache).
3. Gallery art (broad pen, flat felt pen, pointed pen, paper).
4. Inscription (broad pen, gouache).
5. Poster (pointed and broad pens, gouache, paper).
6. Composition (broad pens, gouache, paper).

6

7

8

9

10

11

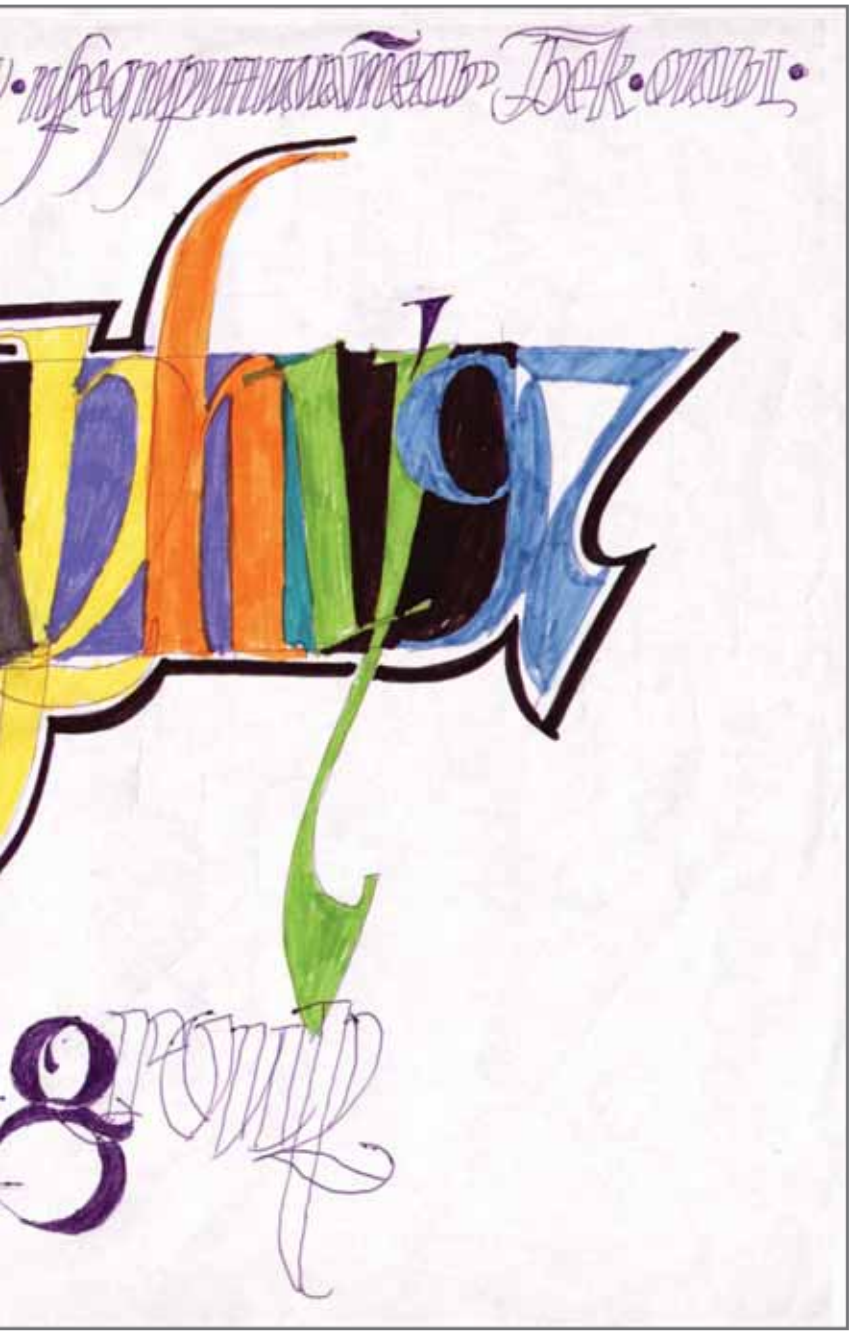
7. Inscription (broad and pointed pens, gouache, paper).
8. Inscription (pointed pen, gouache, paper).
9. Inscription (broad and pointed pens, gouache, paper).
10. Inscription (pointed pen, gouache, paper).
11. Composition (pointed pens, Indian ink, colored pen).

Paint Flowers · Живые цветы

Искусство каллиграфии

Дизайн · Вам Дом · Макеты

Graphik design



Mustache

THE BELL for class barked with the voice of a old, sick dog. As though feeling something coming, I played for time: I walked slowly down the corridor, retied the shoelaces of my boots, and, taking a clothespin out of my pocket—I have no idea how it got there—I found a place for it on the pants of the political science professor who was standing simpleheartedly nearby. Then I touched the nose of the cat that was sitting on the windowsill, went into the classroom, and said hello.

"Your mustache is looking cool today. Like a shoe brush," Sidorova answered for all. "Maybe you glued it on. We'll check now."

"She no doubt has water on the brain," I thought almost calmly.

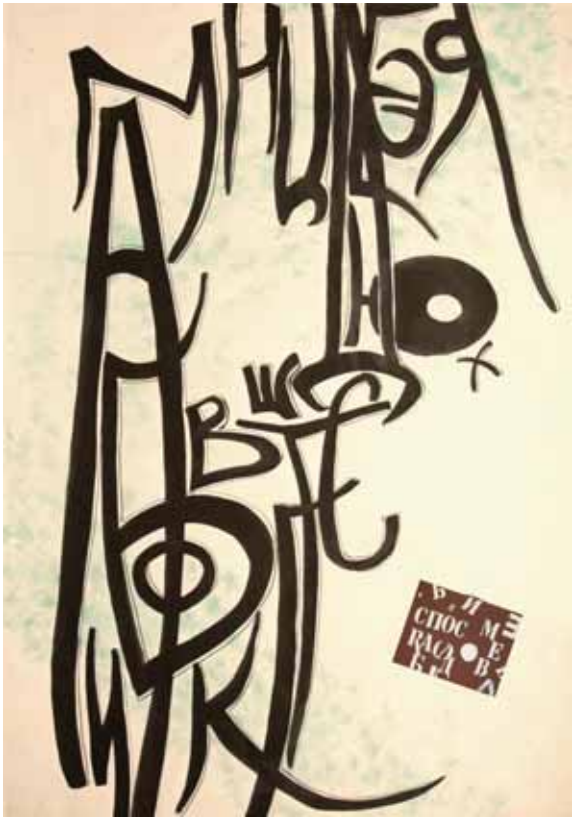
"We'll check, we'll check!" Sidorova screamed, and, crossing her eyes above her nose, started moving toward me, squealing threateningly.

Snatch! My mustache was in Sidorova's hand! The class froze. Somebody dropped a sandwich he had just bitten into, which plopped on the dirty floor. And nobody picked it up. I yelled in an odd voice and ran out of the classroom… .

In the corridor, I pinched myself and held my breath. "Maybe it's a dream," I thought.

Just then, waving my mustache above her head, Sidorova jumped out the door. Running over the political science professor who was hopping around with a clothespin on his butt, she furiously grabbed my hair. The professor hiccupped. I screamed long and loud. Until I woke up.

Since then, when meeting Sidorova, just to be careful, I cover my mustache with my palms.



автограф, азбука, композиция
шрифтовая графика, комплект
лекторская группа, умбра
автоматика, ахроматический
цвет, пятая буква, ломбарды,
январь, деканат, умбра,
история, дипломатия,
архитектурная композиция,
яхта, брамапутра, индия,
австралия, азия, америка, абв,
академика, академия, азбука,
теория и практика шрифта,
индивидуальность, абвгде,
абвгдеиклмнопрстуфхцчэюя
алфавит, шрифт

истекает, утекает, убегает
индивидуальность

VASILI IVANOVICH SKIBA was born in 1962. He graduated from Kuban State University in 1992. He now works as a teacher in a children's art school. Vasili frequently participates in exhibitions.

1

2

3

4

1. Emotion 1 (brush, gouache, paper).
2. Inscription (brush, gouache, paper).
3. Letter g (brush, gouache, paper).
4. Odessa town (brushes, gouache, paper).

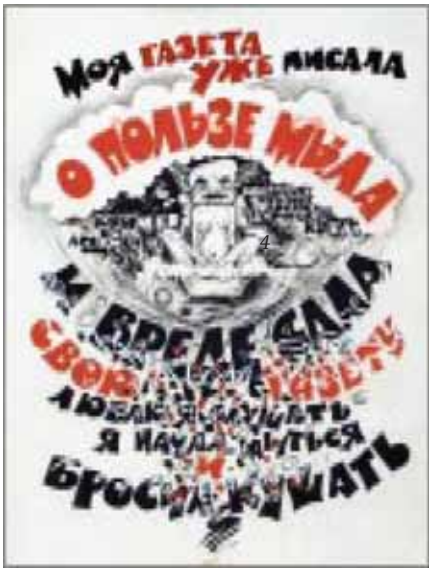
5

5. Song (brushes, gouache, paper).
6. Song (brushes, gouache, paper).
7. Song (brushes, gouache, paper).
8. Emotion 2 (hard pencil, paper).

ХЛЕБА НЕТ!
А ПОЛНО ГУТДАНИНА
ГАЛАВАРЬ
РАБОЧИЙ КЛАСС

6

8


МОЯ ГАЗЕТА УЖЕ ПИСАЛА
О ПОЛЬЗЕ МЫЛА
4
ВРЕДЕ САЛА
СВОЮ ГАЗЕТУ
Я НАУЧИЛАСЬ
И БРОСИЛА КУШАТЬ

7

The cockroach

I SPOTTED HIM a long time ago. He would look out from the can that holds the brushes, moving his whiskers. "Just you wait, friend," I thought. "I'll find time for you, too!"

At the time, I was crazy about the poetry of Alexsandr Blok: "I told you heavenly things, I bound all in the darkness of air: the axe in the boat, the heroes in dreams, this is the way I reached the shore. And soon you will see me there, beyond the smoky hills, flying in a cloud of fire."

No sooner had I written the last letter of the poem than the cockroach returned. It wanted some fresh paint to eat. And I went "Wham!" I didn't hit him, but smeared the line where the poem talks about "flying in a cloud of fire."

I showed this cockroach work to Villu Karlovich Toots, when I happened to be in Tallinn. He found that the important words were very well accented and that the calligraphy was very effective. Then I told him about Semyon Mikhailovich. (This is what I named the cockroach.)

"Yes," Toots laughed, "there is no bad without good, but I don't have any desire to breed Semyon Mikhailoviches."

"Come to the dorm, if you're crazy about Blok," Sidorova advised, having listened to the story. "Our kitchen is full of Semyon Mikhailoviches."

Note

A. BLOK
The axe in the boat, the heroes in dreams, this is a way I reached the shore.

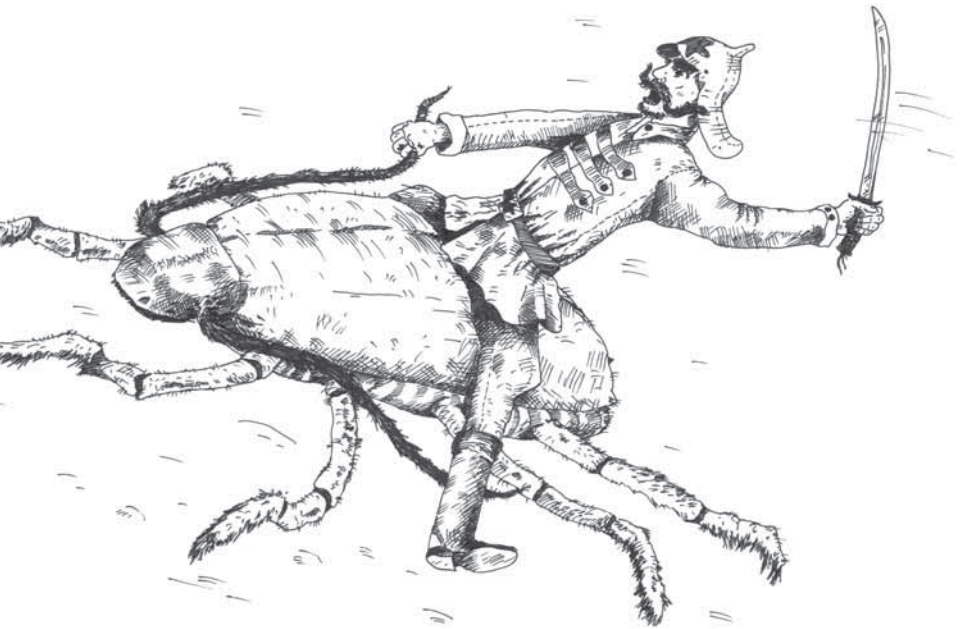
IN WHATEVER form, large or small (like my cockroach) chance brings luck to an artist unexpectedly, as a present. It is important to notice the benefits of, to accept them, and not to lose them.

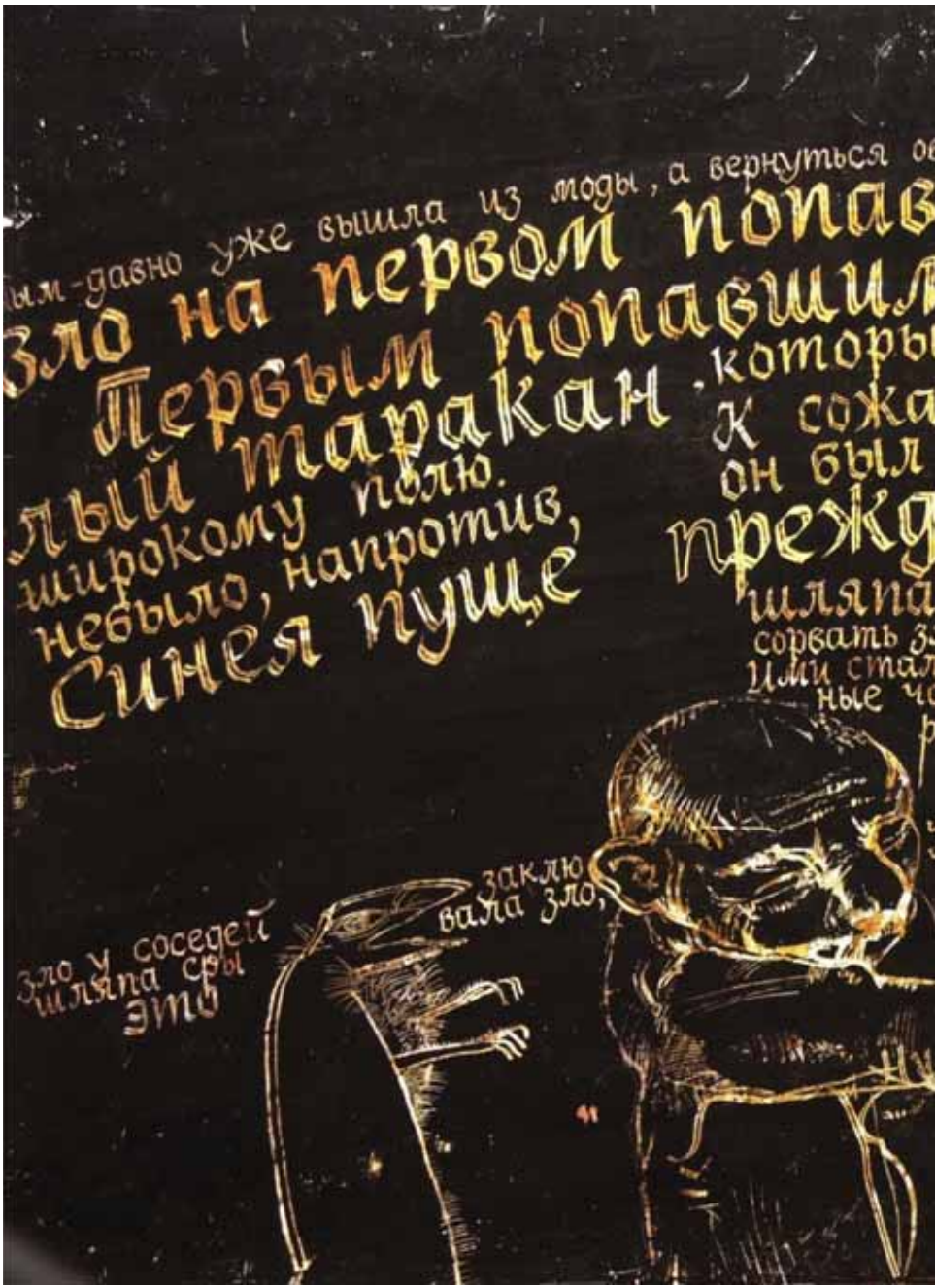
Once the artist Vasily Suricov was intrigued by the appearance of a black raven sitting with a broken wing on the blinding white snow. The mood provoked by the chance encounter led him to his famous painting *The Boyarynia Morozova*.

At the age of more than sixty, the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore was correcting copy when it suddenly seemed to him that lines he had crossed out had actually become ornaments. The chance insight staggered the famous writer so much that he devoted the remaining part of his life to the fine arts.

The artist Karl Brullov was forced to draw during his early childhood. If the frail, but hungry Karlusha didn't finish his lessons, he was banished from the table. So he tried with all his might in order to please his parents. If the boy had not had such excellent appetite, Alexandr Pushkin, who literally knelt before Brullov, begging for drawings, never would have uttered his well-known phrase, "*The Last Day of Pompeii* is the first day of the Russian brush," and Russia would not have laid claim to this painter.

Alexander Grin: "I have understood that the only truth now is chance."




ым-давно уже вышла из моды, а вернуться об
Зло на первом попав
Первым попавшимся
лый таракан - которы
широкому полю. к сожа
небыло, напротив, он был
Синея пуще прежд
иляпа
сорвать з
или стал
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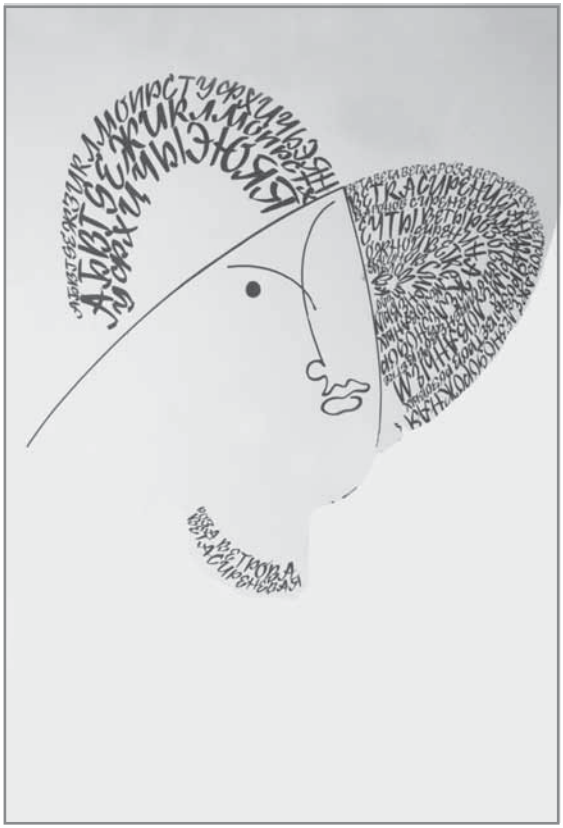
вала зло,
Зло у соседей
иляпа сры
это

братно так и несмогла. От тог
шемся.
мся оказался Маг
ий резво проскакал по её
лению на таракане
голым гладким.
него от
решила
досады,
по на втором попавшемся
ли соседи, пыльные наст
асы. Повидимому
ешила, что шляпа
дается в двух
етыре перламутровые
Пока синяя
пуговицы в
время заключали союз

РУССКИЙ НАРОДНЫЙ



SERGEI VLADIMIROVICH TARANIK was born in 1952. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 1974. From 1986 to 1995, he worked as art editor for a publishing house in Krasnodar. He has designed more than three hundred books. He participated in the Book Art exhibition in 1986. He is a member of the Russian Union of Artists.

1

2

1. Book cover (printed in color by offset litho).
2. Inscription (broad pen, Indian ink, paper).
3. Head ornament (pens, Indian ink, paper).
4. Book title, *A. Dumas* (pencil, Indian ink, paper).

3

Александр Дюма

ГРАФИНЯ ДЕ МОНСОРО

роман

том 2

4

Quotation marks

MARKOVITCH, who's a bit dotty, pounded on the door with his fist and cried in a hoarse voice: "Ivanych, you bastard, you owe me a bottle!"

I let the noisy neighbor in. Waving an envelope over his head, Markovitch began singing: "Well, dance, come on, dance! Yadadadada!"

Snatching the envelope, I pored vodka for the neighbor.

"Rrrr," said Markovitch, who drank it and went away. I opened the envelope. The letter was from my former student, Sidorova.

"Dear teacher," Sidorova wrote, "dig up your friend's corpse in the moonlight and make a soup out of his bones, chew out the heart of grandfather, suck out your grandma's brains, eat the earth from your grave… ."

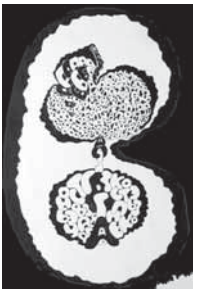
It looked like Sidorova had become a nutcase. I was scared, and not being bold enough to read further, looked at the end of the letter. There Sidorova, praise be to God, said that she was sending me a quote from the curses of the Polynesians of Tongo Island.

She thought that such materials could be useful to me in my lectures. She even gave me a source citation.

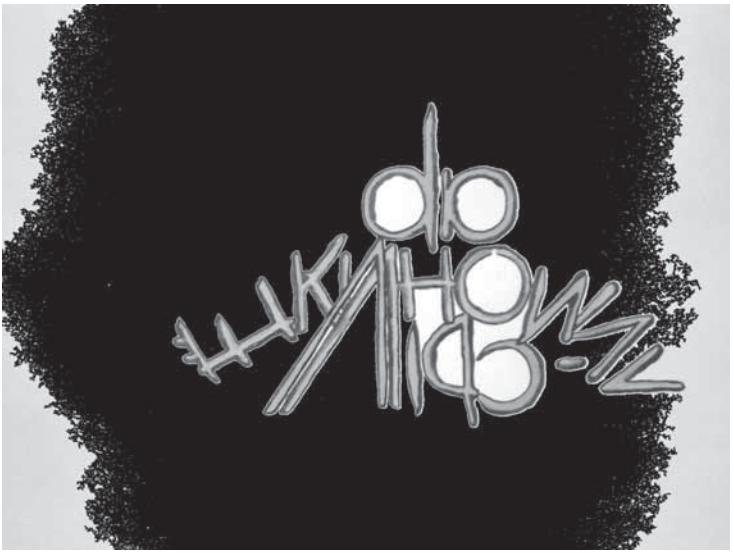
I drew a sigh of relief. Then it occurred to me: Why didn't she put quotation marks around the quote? "Suck out your grandma's brains" indeed! Suck them out yourself, if you don't have enough of your own!

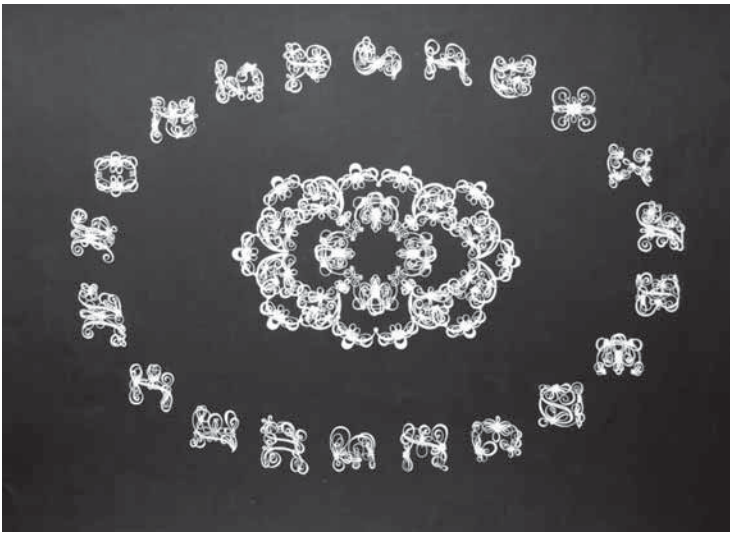
I replied to Sidorova in her own manner. "Eat your grandma's apron, and suck on your grandpa's socks."

I am waiting for a reply.



МАЙ 2004





ELENA LEONIDOVNA PRONENKO was born in 1969. She graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 1992. Since them, she has devoted herself to book design, advertising, commercial graphics, and calligraphy.

1. Exercise (pointed pen, Indian ink, gouache).
2. Double spread illustration, based on a poem by L. Filatov (pointed and broad pens, Indian ink, gouache).
3. Double spread illustration, based on a poem by L. Filatov (pointed and broad pens, watercolor, paper).
4. Drawing (pointed pen, Indian ink).

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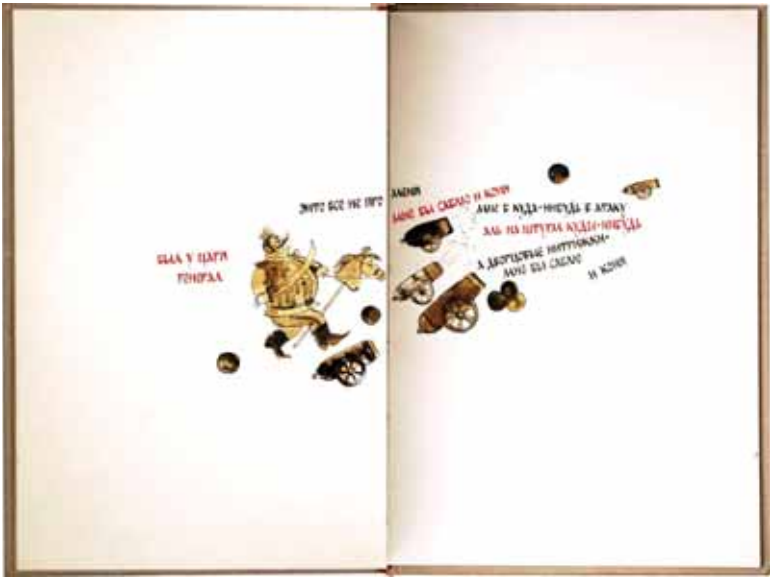

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5–6. Double spread illustrations, based on a poem by L. Filatov (pointed and broad pens, watercolor, paper).

сентябрь
Осень
октябрь
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Осень
октябрь
Осень

кошечка и рахит на заборе сидит корова тоже сидит на заборе и ещё кукует к тому же, потому что она как бы кукушка. ясный сокол а мимо в это время шли три дровосека и стали они забор пилить со всех трех сторон забор упал и вместе с ним попадали кошечка, рахит и корова, меняющая себя кукушкой. кошечка и рахит остались лежать под забором, корова же вылезла из-под обломков и, взмахнув крылами, унеслась к облакам стремительно. вот какая хитрая рыба была на самом деле эта корова. мораль: если какое-либо существо не умеет плавать, это ещё не значит, что существо это не хитрая рыба.

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7. Autumn (broad pen, gouache, watercolor, paper).
8. Text (broad pen, gouache, paper).
9. Autumn (round brush, gouache, computer, paper).

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10–18. Symbols, logotypes and labels for various firms (broad and pointed pens, brushes, gouache, Indian ink, watercolor, paper).

Hairstyle

IVANOVA, a skinny and big-eyed girl, was standing with her nose pressed against a splinter from an old mirror. Stretching her mouth wide in a frozen smile, she was painting her lips with the remaining amount of a borrowed lipstick, not stopping this important task, even for a minute. Ivanova said: "Listen, Sidoraa, no one goes ... to ... eaters ... ith ah ... ind ... air ... yle ... ou ... got."

Roommates understand each other without difficulty. Sidorova had heard this offensive "No one goes to theaters with the kind of hairstyle you've got" about a hundred times today.

The apartment smelled like dust. Something fell in the corridor, making an echoing sound. Sidorova shivered. Somewhere nearby, an alarm clock exploded and, having been hit with a heavy hand, shut up. On the third floor, somebody was singing a song in a very high and piercing voice. As pungent and damp as a moist fog, a smell slowly crawled out of the kitchen. There, Vietnamese were frying salted herring in big pans.

"I tell you again, with a hairstyle like that... ."

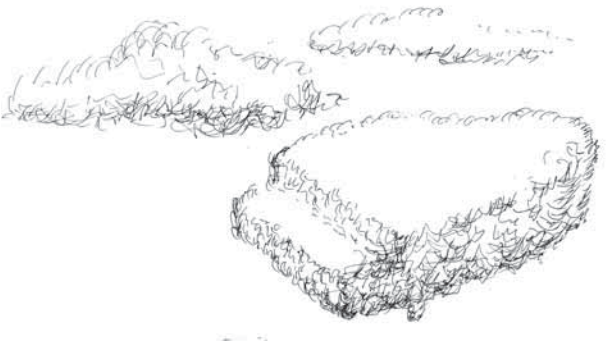
Having not listened to the end, Sidorova pocketed her grant money and ran to the beauty shop.

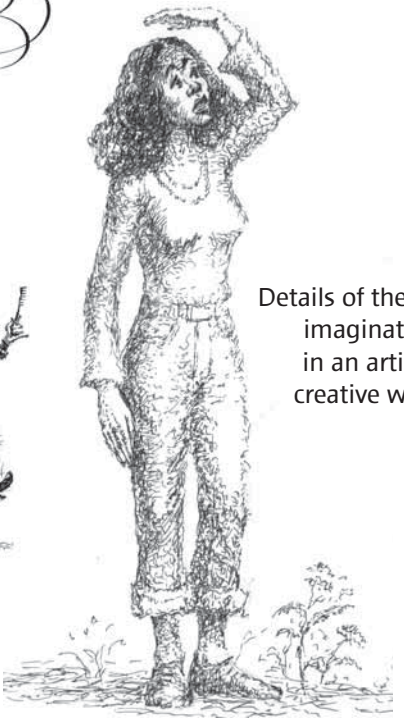
Sidorova returned to the dorm very pleased, and showing off in front of the mirror, she suddenly discovered that she didn't just have a hairstyle on her head, but a ready-made font composition!

Every curl was like a little letter! Just copy it! Sidorova even jumped with joy to receive such an unexpected gift. Not very high, really, but with joy. "Hairstyle"—that's what Sidorova named the composition.

MANY YEARS have passed since then. She is now working very seriously in font graphics. She has told me honestly that she became gripped with this passion not because of my teaching efforts, but after that memorable trip to the beauty shop.

I wasn't offended.





Details of the role of imagination in an artist's creative work.

Note

A CLOUD similar to a grand piano passed by," Chekhov once wrote in his notebook, hoping to use the expression in a novel or short story. Artists and writers have very keen powers of observation and imagination. If Sidorova had not had these abilities, would she have been able to decipher something like letters in her curls? There is an ink-blot test in psychology in which a person is asked what he or she sees. Some people see fighting heroes, some discover clouds that look like grand pianos, and others see nothing but blots. People in this last category either lack or have not developed one of the most impotent qualities that creative individuals possess—imagination. People of this kind are unable to understand abstract art, and consequently, as a rule, they usually are its violent enemies.

pg. 219

MIKHAIL ALEKSANDROVICH TARASHCHUK was born in 1956. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 1986 and has taken part in all-union, all-Russian, and international exhibitions. At present, he is the director of the Vest publishing house. His favorite programs are Photoshop and Illustrator. Mikhail likes to fly hang gliders. He has almost broken his neck several times, but he is always kind, merry, and fascinating.

1–4. Book pages (computer graphics).
5. The Cossacks (computer illustration).
6. Cover of a design brochure, detail (computer graphic).
7. The crocodile (computer illustration).

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A swan song

DODIK DADONOV didn't get his salary for a long time. He even forgot what it looked like. Then, out of the blue, he got it, and he wanted to do something pleasant for his wife.

"Why not?" he thought. "I'll do it."

He bought some sherbet with raisins and brought it home.

"Here you are," he said. "Go for it."

His wife, Galina Borisovna, accepted the gift. She shook the delicacy into a bowl and poured soup into a big blue plate with a bright flower in the middle. Then the phone rang. She left her husband alone for almost a quarter of an hour, and when she came back, she saw that Dadonov was zonked out right at the table, nose-down in her favorite plate with the bright flower in the middle.

"Sniff it up, bastard!" she thought.

Two bottles now stood there, one empty and the other one pretty well finished. How that happened, she doesn't remember herself.

But she poured out the remains of the soup with the noodles onto her husband's head. And the noodles were letters and numbers. The whole alphabet!

As Dodik slept, she contemplated his beautiful head and recalled how, as a little girl, she played Alphfonlet with her teacher. She looked into a splinter from an old mirror and saw letters instead of a hairdo. Also a scene where she is shooting her teacher with a toy gun. And another… .

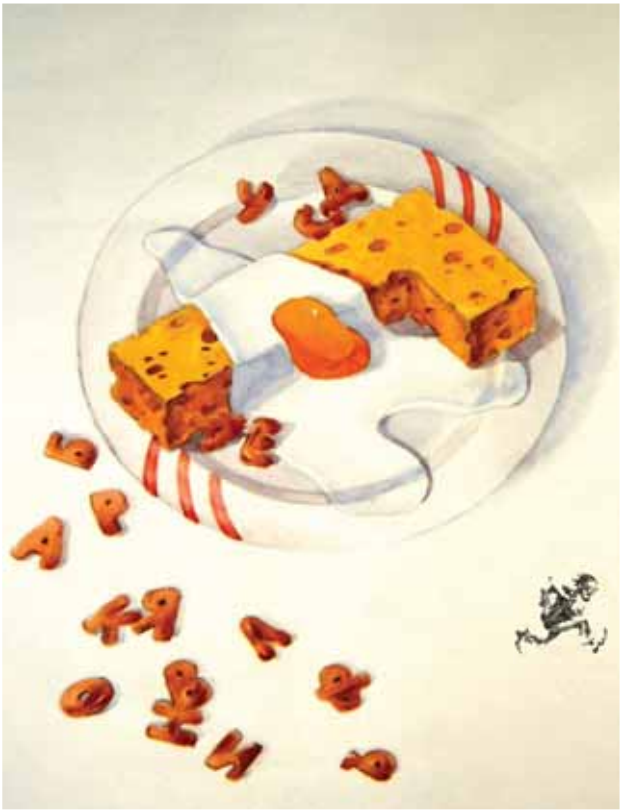
She sighed, added couple of noodle letters to her husband's head, and drank another shot of vodka. Then she contemplated her work with enjoyment and went to bed.

That was the swan song of the former student Sidorova.

Экслибрис

АЛЬБОМ

В истории



Из книг
Сорока
Белобока
EXLIBRIS

щука. Щуку вынули и дальше пошли. Дошли до реки, вытащили сеть-самоловку, а в ячеях-то-таки. Ну, и таки вынули. И недалеко от реки муж клад выкопал. Нагребли денег по котомке и обратно пошли. И как раз в ту пору мимо усадьбы проходили, как твою милость черти-то драли. Тут барин не стерпел, ногами затопал. – Вон отсюда, раз-

Жили-были муж с женой в ладу, в согласии. Только жена была страсть какая болтливая: утаить ничего не могла. Что бы ни услышала в ту же минуту вся деревня знает. Пошел как-то раз мужик в лес, стал волчью яму рыть и нашел клад. Сам думает: „Ну, как теперь быть? Ведь только жена про богатство дознается, сразу по в

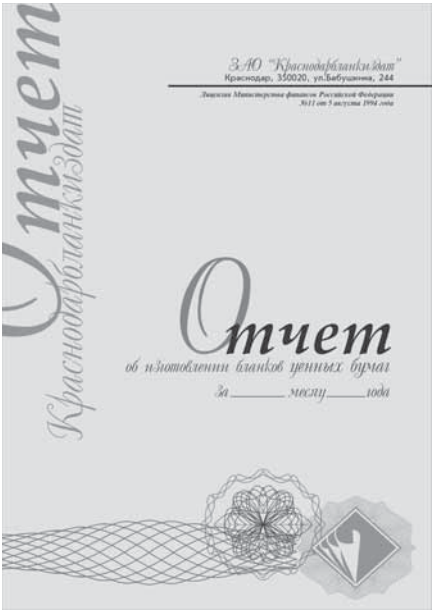
Пищей
старости
является
мудрость

АБВГДЕ
ЖЗИКЛ
МНОПРСТ
УФХЦЧ
ШЪЭЮЯ

МВЯТА

КАРАТЭ

YACHESLAV ZAKHAROVICH SHAKHOV was born in 1969. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 1993. From 1993 to 1994, he worked as a designer for the chamber of commerce and in industry. From 1994 to 1995, he was an art restorer in the Folklore Museum. Now he is a freelance artist and makes signs, logos, symbols, and illustrations for books. Slava is very modest and friendly.



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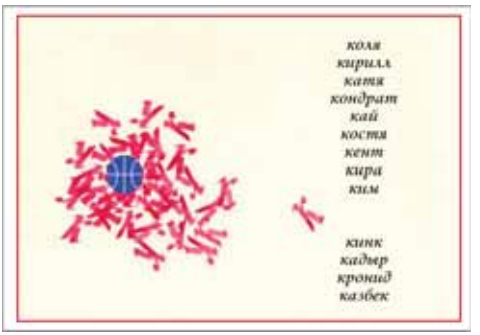
1. Communications brochure (computer).
2. Composition (flat brush, gouache).

3–7. Logotypes and symbols for various firms (brush, gouache, computer).

8. Poster for a food shop (computer).

YURI NIKOLAEVICH PYLIOW was born in 1981. He graduated from the Mathematics Department of Kuban State University and works as art designer and illustrator.



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1. My friends (broad pen, computer, paper).
2–3. Type composition (computer, paper).
4. Old Russian Type (broad pen, brush, paper).
5. Idle; type composition (computer, paper).

ALEXSEI PETROVICH BALANDIN was born in 1965. He graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of Kuban State University in 1991. From 1992 to 1995, he was a teacher of graphics. Now he is a freelance artist. Aleksei is painter, graphic artist, and calligrapher and has exhibited widely in Krasnodar and throughout Russia. He says that his dog and his wife help him very much.

1

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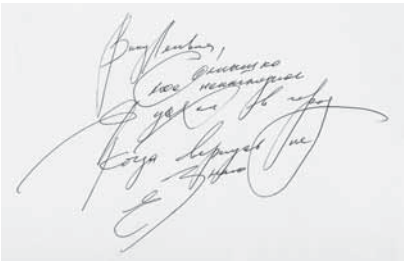
1. Hippopotamus (text written with a flat felt pen).
2. Untitled (text written with a flat felt pen).
3. Untitled (ballpoint pen).

4

4. King (ballpoint pen, paper).
5. Greeting card for a wife (text written on paper with a flat felt pen).
6. Old wife (text written on paper with a flat felt pen).
7. Untitled (text written on paper with a flat felt pen).
8. Rules for my life (ballpoint pen, paper).



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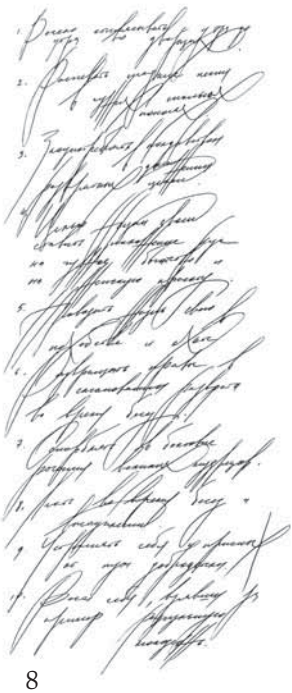


8

One more

An old dragon, straining his flabby wings, dragged a well-fed woman, her thick hair flying in the wind, under the clouds. The beauty waved a handkerchief and sang: "My darling, take me with you. There, in the faraway land I will become your bride." The young witch Baba Yaga attentively watched the flight through her telescope. Nearby, a mortal sprawled with a mysterious label, "No Toilet." A little bit farther, a hairy man in a field cap, holding a plucked goose by the throat, threateningly asked: "Who are you, Charles Manson?"

I wandered around a stuffy and deserted classroom, studying tables, windowsills, and even the walls, which were pitilessly decorated with students' drawings.

Unexpectedly, a little girl appeared beside me and started to follow me around.

"These, if you would like to know, are rock-carving masterpieces," I explained to her, suspiciously studying the thin braids on her square head. "Cave people study here, not students. But there's no mammoth for them here." I put my fingers to my cheeks for tusks and lightly butted the joyfully squealing girl in her well-fed side.

"Tu-ruuu! Do you know where mammoths live?"

"And where do Alphfonlets live?" she answered, her eyes mysteriously shining.

"Who are you?" I shivered.

"I am Sidorova," she said, confirming my worst fears, and, pausing a little bit, concluded: "And you are funny! You look like Tobik! Do you want to become my dog? I will give you the tastiest bones… . Let's play Alphfonlets? I want to study to be an artist. Mom said… .

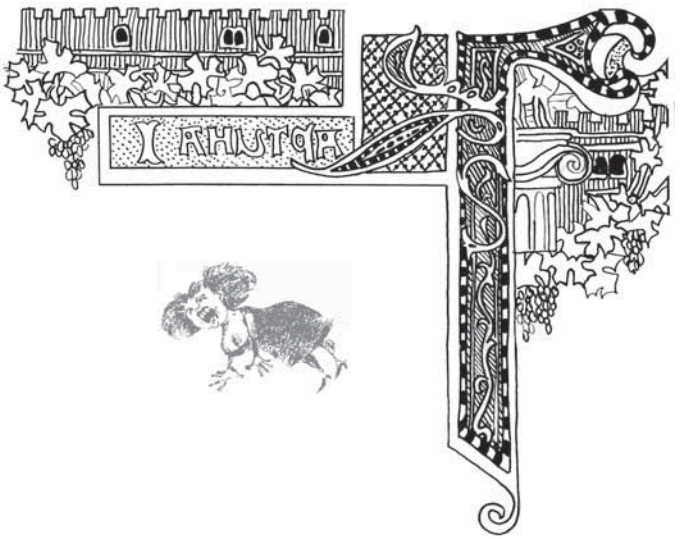
"Don't listen to Mom," I begged. "You should study to be a shopgirl. Forget about Alphfonlets! With them, your stomach will soon

be sticking to your spine!" I rolled my eyes as scarily as possible. "None of the boys will look at you."

"I want Alphfonlets," little Sidorova whimpered.

I became quietly sad, but in a few minutes ran to get a bottle of lemonade.

Maybe a pastry, too.


КНИГА

ПОСЛѢДОВАНІЕ
ЩНАГО ВДѢНІА, СІРѣЧЬ
КЕЛІКІЇА ВЕЧЕРНІИ
НАЧЕНШУ ІЕРЕЮ СЛАКО
СТѢЙ ИЖИКОТКО ТУРЪ
ТІМЫ ГЛЕМСЯ АМИНЬ

Видение прославленной руси, – вот в чем заключается резкая грань между двумя эпохами русской иконописи. Грань эта проведена духовным подвигом св. Сергия и ратным подвигом Дмитрия Донского. раньше русский народ знал россию преимущественно как место страдания и унижения. Святой Сергий впервые показал её в ореоле Божественной славы, а иконопись дала яркое отображение явленного им откровения. Она нашла его не только в храмах, не только в одухотворенных человеческих ликах, но и в самой русской природе. Пусть эта природа скудна и печальна как место высших откровений Духа Божьего, – она земля святая. От Святого Сергия, стало быть, зачинается эта любовь к родной пустыне, столь ярко запечатленная потом в житиях и иконах. Красота дремучего леса, пустынных скал и дремучего леса полюбилась как внешнее явление иного, духовного облика родины.

Сюжеты древнерусского искусства, почерпнутые из христианского слова, в основной своей части знакомы всем христианским народам, но благодаря особому, восходящему к византийской православной традиции отношению к христианскому слову, к задачам, стоящим на него живописи, эти сюжеты стали на Руси основой самобытного, уникального в мировой культуре явления – древнерусской иконописи. Замечательную свободу давала русским мастерам унаследованная древняя традиция. Древний, используемый как незыблемая основа канон позволял художникам идти дальше, обогащать образы новыми, неведанными ранее, тончайшими оттенками. С бесконечной глубиной передавали они соединение истинно божественного и человеческого в богочеловеке ради людей Сына Божьего, представавшем свободной от человеческого греха природу его земной Матери. То были не философы, а духовидцы и свои мысли они выражали не в словах, а красках.

У лукоморья дуб зеленый
златая цепь на дубе том
и днем и ночью кот ученый
все ходит по цепи кругом

Тут подъехал ведь собака
Калин-царь
Он подъехал ведь
под Киев-град
Со своими собаками
со великими
У него у собаки силы множество
По праву его руку сорок тысячей
По лёву его руку сорок тысячей
Впереди у собаки сорок тысячей
Позади его числа-сметы нет
Сам он собака, заговорщик злой
Как он стал,собака по силе
побеждивать, Уж как он стал
силу заговаривать.

art
design
Ярославль
Ярославский художественный
КАЛЛИГРАФИЯ · ИСКУССТВО

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LEONID PRONENKO'S work is found in many public and private collections. It has been featured in more than twenty international exhibitions. He is the author of *Calligraphy for Everybody* (in Russian).

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